The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2534.

MY LOVE AND I.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY BEULAH.

All in the tender gloaming,
As light fades in the west;
Beside the window dreaming
Of him I love the best.

The tears softly gather,
Bitter, and yet so sweet;
Listening to the echoes
Of swiftly coming feet.

'Tis half of joy, half sorrow,
United bliss and pain;—
Like sudden beams of sunlight,
That alternate with rain.

My heart grows strangely lonely,
Waiting this weary while;
For oh! the footsteps echo
O'er many a weary mile.

Would that I could shorten
The miles that intervene,
The wide, waste, lonely distance,
My love and I between.

And still with every footfall,
My heart beats quicker measure;
As fondly I sit dreaming
Of my proud heart's chosen treasure.

I clasp my hands in pleading,
Dear Father care for him!
Give to his life sweet sunshine!
Though mine be dark and dim.

Yes, Father, e'en in darkness,
Of most intense despair;
My eyes would still turn upward,
And plead—for him—*Thy* care.

Drain from my life the sweetness,
And leave wormwood and gall;
Take from me all life's brightness,
And give to him *my all*.

Yet let me be the blossom
That kisses his dear feet—
If he but smile upon me,
This life will still be sweet.

For he might stoop to gather
The loving little flower;
And dying it would give him
The fragrance of an hour.

A VIEW IN THIBET.

The above view of Le, Thibet, is from a drawing which was made on the spot. It is in what is called Ladak or Middle Thibet, which is a very high and mountainous country. The climate being very cold, the men wear close dresses of woollen cloth and large mantles, which, amongst the poor, consist of sheepskins, with the wool towards. The women wear a black woolen jacket, a large striped woolen skirt of many colors, and a sheepskin cloak or mantle. The upper classes cover the sheepskin cloak with brocade or silk.

The religion of the country is Lamaism, a form of Buddhism. The high priest of this religion lives at Lassa, in Great Thibet, while throughout the lands which own him as a sort of pope, there are numerous monasteries filled with priests and nuns. The temples are full of idols. For several years past two Moravian missionaries have been laboring in Thibet, and a number of the people have become Christians. Not long since a Church of England clergyman, journeying in North India, was prevented from entering China. He crossed two mountain passes, fourteen thousand feet above the sea, one of them equal in height to Mont Blanc. After a rapid journey of nine days, he entered the village of Poo, in Thibet, took the Moravian Missionary and his wife by surprise, and remained four days under their hospitable roof. He speaks thus of the Christian courtesy shown him:

"During my stay the missionary and his wife showed me the greatest kindness and attention. He told me many of his hardships, trials, and difficulties when he first came here. Every one was opposed to him and to his work; however, he endured all with patience. At last he overcame all difficulties by kindness, which is the key-note of the human heart; now he is happy with the people around, and gets on well with every one. The young children call him Pa, and the grown-up, Lama. The people, who are Buddhists, allow him to go into their houses. I accompanied him many a time in these visits. His language is understood by all. During my stay many Lamas visited the mission-houses. To every one he spoke kindly and earnestly of the one thing needful."

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

AFTERWARD.

Miss Kip went to the dressing-room with her arm around Rachel.

"My dear," she said in a whining tone, which she meant for sweetness, "he's a most worthy young man. His father was the salt of the earth, and it will be your blessed duty and privilege to bring him back to the covenant of grace. I see it all, my dear Rachel, and you have my prayers for your happiness. It will be clearly a Christian duty, and he will make an excellent husband. To think of his giving me five dollars! Why, we'll have to make him a life member!"

Rachel Garth blushed in her swarthy fashion. It was not ill-pleasing to know that some one had remarked his attention.

"Father speaks very highly of him," she said modestly.

"He's worthy of it, I'm sure. He lacks only the 'one thing needful,' and you'll be the instrument of saving grace. It's worth waiting for, Rachel. He is just about the right age, and settled in his habits. I wish you joy; and yet Miss Kip sighed as she enveloped her head in a gray Nubia, which made it look higher than ever.

Rachel went down with her, leaving two lamps burning in the room, in the height of her complacency. Lucy started from the nook below the bedstead, where she had stooped to pick up a stray shawl pin.

"I wonder if she thinks he will marry *her*!" and the child laughed scornfully. "Old as she is, and she never could have been pretty when he first knew her! Oh, Rachel Garth, you think you are keen and far-sighted—*you* can stay at home and drudge, since you like it so well, but *I* mean to ride in my carriage. He almost said that he loved me!"

The lights were out presently, and both girls dreamed of Warren Thorndike. I'm not sure but Rachel thought the most truly of his happiness, both temporal and spiritual.

Mr. Thorndike spent nearly all of the following morning at the mill. He had no fault to find with Mr. Garth's management of his capital, and he concluded that he would not withdraw it. Mr. Garth endeavored to persuade him to give up roving, settle at Dedham and marry.

"You've done capitally, Garth! This musty old pile of wools and dyes is almost as productive as coppers. Your girls will have a handsome start!"

He thought that quite an adroit move.

"Yes, if they marry to suit me. Rachel has been an excellent daughter, an efficient and economical housekeeper—and she will prove a treasure to the man who gets her. But Lucy—" and the father paused in perplexity.

"And Lucy?" said Mr. Thorndike, with more interest than he cared to avow.

"The child is wayward and rebellious. Of course you know, Thorndike, that my second marriage was not a happy one. Lucy inherits her mother's fatal beauty and vanity. She might easily become the prey of some designing villain, but so sure as she ever marries against my will, not one dollar shall she have!"

"Oh, she is not likely to," was Thorndike's careless response. He was quite satisfied, but he would win Lucy before making the subject public.

They went on skirmishing in a light way, neither exactly showing his hand, but when they parted Mr. Garth renewed his cordial invitation.

"Drop in any time," he said. "You'll always be welcome. Your father and I were good friends, and if it comes to anything nearer, I'd be proud to call you son."

"Thank you."

Thorndike wrung his hand. The matter was settled then, only he had a vague idea that Mr. Garth much preferred he should take Rachel. He proposed to have all the good things of this life, brightness, youth and beauty, since they would be as well dowered. He had an idea then that he was actually in love with Lucy. He liked to yield to that peculiar and subtile sway of hers, he liked to watch her deep eager eyes and see the smiles flit around her small scarlet mouth. He determined now to see as much of her as possible. Being wayward and rebellious did not in the least intimidate him, brave man that he was.

That any person in the full possession of his senses should prefer Lucy to Rachel never once entered Mr. Garth's mind. He had daily proofs of her worth and ability, and knew that she was her sister's superior in nearly every respect. He quite forgot that he had once fallen in love with a pretty face, while Miss Kip and several others whose sterling qualities were unquestionable stood by and sighed over the sacrifice.

So he said to Rachel that evening—

"I have almost persuaded Thorndike to take an active interest in the mill. He or some one is very much needed."

"Yes," was Rachel's quiet, approving response.

"And I think he will," rubbing his hands in the light of the blaze, as if the idea afforded him great satisfaction. "I think he will, and—Rachel."

Rachel glanced up when the pause became unusually long. Her father appeared to be studying her face intently.

"It is as good as settled, I may say. He spoke to me to-day. I shall be proud to give you to so worthy a young man."

Lucy, who sat quite out of range of these two, dawdling over some sewing that she hated, felt every nerve tingle with a thrill of surprise. The fair face was scarlet, and she bent it still lower to hide her confusion, and perhaps a little indignation.

Rachel smiled complacently, that is her severe look relaxed a trifle, and a faint curve came to her usually straight, thin lips. Somehow she felt very proud of this admirer. She, as well as Lucy, fancied that he was superior to the men they were in the habit of meeting.

Could it be possible that he had spoken! Lucy thought. What then was the explanation of his conduct towards her? Did he, like the others, consider her of small importance, to be toyed with and set aside as the whim or prudence dictated! Perhaps that was it—prudence. She gave her head an angry toss and ran the needle into her small white finger.

"He shall see," she whispered to herself, "he shall see I am not to be trifled with. A man would be base indeed to say such things to a woman and not mean anything!"

And then Lucy remembered the kiss with a sensation of shame. Surely it had not sprung from any boldness on her part, for she could not have guessed that he meant to take such a liberty. But she would be wary in future. If he married Rachel he must be therewith content. She did not propose to bestow any sisterly fondness upon Rachel's husband, no matter who he might be.

For several days Lucy nursed her indignation and kept it up at white heat. In the meanwhile Mr. Thorndike called and spent the evening. She sat in the kitchen with Hetty and darned stockings, listening with a very inattentive ear to the old woman's gossip.

"I always knowed Rachel would marry well," was the starting point on which she rang the changes. "I've said a many time—don't you be in a hurry, Rachel. There's allers as good fish in the sea as is caught, and if you get a good husband you won't be sorry for waiting, and if he's a poor stick, you'll have years enough to live with him. And she'll get a good one! she deserves it, too!"

She did not know whether it was Hetty's harrangue or the sound of that strong, inspiriting voice sending a reminder through chinks and crevices that so stirred the angry blood within her. When the last stocking was finished she lighted her candle.

"You're not goin' to bed?" exclaimed Hetty in dim amaze.

"I am going to bed!" biting off the words in a savage fashion.

"Well, the dear bless us!" muttered Hetty. "That child has an uncommon temper. Why don't she snap off one's head."

The child crawled into bed without studying her pretty face in the cracked mirror. What was golden hair or pearly cheek if there was no one to please with it—no one to admire?

Mr. Thorndike's next advent was on Sunday. And so when Rachel said—"Oh, Hetty, I promised to send some of this custard over to old Mrs. Bowen, will you take it after supper?" Lucy offered to go immediately.

"She will be glad to have it, I know," returned Rachel, amazed at the proposal.

So Lucy went and stayed to tea, a heinous offence to her father's eyes, for which he called her to an account. Had she not been forbidden to do such a thing without permission?

"I dare say Rachel was obliged," was the answer in a dry, hard tone. "Perhaps it is not a bad thing for her and her lover to have a fair field."

Mr. Garth hardly understood this, and hesitated so long whether to resent it as insolence or not that Lucy continued—

"I am sure Mrs. Bowen needed a little company. You praise Rachel for visiting the poor and the sick, and why is not the deed as good when performed by me?'

"You would do better to speak more respectfully," he returned with a lofty air.

But Lucy was very miserable it must be confessed. Not that she was in love with Mr. Thorndike, though it stung her keenly to think that she had been trifled with, and then neglected. It seemed to her that she hated everybody. Her emotions varied as easily as her thoughts traversed space. A waft of hope could transport her to the highest state of satisfaction, and the next instant she could be plunged into the blackest despair.

The despair predominated for the next few days. She was captious, idle, refractory, and as great a torment to herself as to any one else. So one clear, cold morning she went out to do some errands and to walk off the nervous excitement that was next to fever.

Crossing a street she saw Mr. Thorndike at the end of the next square. The tall, full figure, with its brisk air was unmistakable. Should she go on, or turn? One moment she was wild to meet him, at the next ruled by the utmost disdain.

He settled her doubt, however, for he came striding towards her. She had an uncomfortable consciousness of looking shabby and envied the bright girl opposite who tripped along in ruffled skirt, velvet cloak, and dainty hat. If she only *could* dress like other people?

He had clasped the hands in their cheap worsted gloves, and peered through the flimsy veil.

"I thought I was never to see you again," he began vehemently.

"As if it would have made much difference!"

There was a fine, cool sarcasm in her tone, and she would have withdrawn her hands.

"What do you mean?" he asked in dull amaze.

"What I said," and her laugh had a bitter, dainty flavor.

"Lucy, are you angry with me?"

His tone was so downright honest and earnest that she glanced upward involuntarily.

"Yes."

"I have not seen you since that night, you know. I've been to the house twice."

"To see Rachel. I understand it, Mr. Thorndike. I am only seventeen, it is true, but I am not quite a child. I have some pride and some feeling, and a good deal of respect for myself, when you come to that!"

Her face flushed a lovely scarlet—he saw that through her veil, also the dark eyes that looked as if they might fill with tears the next instant, so tremulous were the lids.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," and she turned away.

He turned with her. Obeying an odd impulse he drew her hand through his arm, so tightly indeed that she was compelled to keep step by the very power that he put into the movement.

"What is it all about, Lucy?" he began in a beseeching tone. "Why did you hide away when I came? You must have known that I wanted to see you."

"How could I know? Mr. Thorndike, this is ungentlemanly, nay worse, dishonest, when you have as good as asked my father—"

Lucy paused. Up to this point her indignation had been honest, but now she colored with a sense of shame. She knew that he liked her. This clasp of the arm, this warmth and tremor of the voice, and these eyes devouring her with troubled and questioning looks, all told it. To go any farther would be like forcing him into an explanation.

"I had a slight talk with your father—" and a light seemed to dawn upon him, for the fresh face turned a deeper hue—"you can't mean—you haven't misunderstood—"

She held her breath. For which one *did* he care. It had gone too far to remain unexplained.

"It is Rachel," she said, "and you have no right to—please to let me go," she begged almost piteously, her eyes downcast and filled with strange tears.

"No, it isn't Rachel. You haven't much vanity, or penetration, I was going to say, or you would have guessed. Why, I love you! Zounds! a man must be a fool not to choose youth and beauty instead of—"

"But Rachel is good," she interposed, with a sudden twinge of remorse. "She will make a better wife than I, Mr. Thorndike. She loves to work, and I don't; she understands housekeeping and cooking, which I hate. Then I'd always like to be dressed pretty—but I'm afraid it would cost a good deal; and she is content with a little."

"I want to see you look like a real beauty; I'm sure you can be as grand as any of them! I mean you to have silks, and diamonds, and all that; and if you like, I'll buy the Cunningham place. What made you think that I was in love with Rachel?"

A glimmering vision flashed before Lucy's eyes. Poor child, caught as easily as the most brilliant butterfly of them all!

"And you don't love her?"

She wanted to be sure. She was quite ready to crowd out Rachel, and take the good things of this life that had been dealt

so sparingly to her thus far. Now that the alluring bait was within reach, she could not let it slip through her fingers.

He was delighted, taking the question as if actuated by pique or jealousy, or perhaps best of all, love. Clasping the small hand fondly, he said—

"Set your heart at rest, my darling. I don't love any one but you; and I've loved you since that first night when you came and leaned your arm on the mantle, and your beautiful curls were like a shower of gold. As if I could have cared for—"

"Hush," she said, softly, touched by the tender flattery. I believe with all her frivolity and ambition, she would have been kinder towards Rachel than her sister to her, had the case been reversed.

"How generous you are!" he exclaimed in slow amaze. "Why you know they say handsome people are always selfish and vain; but, by Jove! you're enough better than some of them with their long faces and sanctimonious ways."

"But I'm not very good; I don't want you to believe that and be disappointed."

"I'm not afraid," was his confident reply.

Then they walked on in silence, neither heeding the direction of their steps.

"But you haven't said that you love me," he began, abruptly.

Did she love him? What was love? She had a curious feeling about it, a presentiment that if the matter was sifted to the finest grains of truth, it would be impossible for her to love this man beside her with a high and noble affection. It was more for what he could give her and the pleasure of being taken out of this miserable life, than any touch of earnest regard.

"I don't know," she said, hesitatingly. "It's so sudden and strange! And I have never thought how it would be. You are so much older—"

"But you won't mind the difference?" he asked, anxiously. If he could only go back to six and twenty for her sake!

"I do not believe that it is so much the years as the—the love. Oh, are you sure that you will always be good to me, and not get tired when you find me vain and foolish and full of faults? I believe that killed poor mamma! She wasn't like *them* you know, though she was good and sweet, and if any one had only cared for her, it might have been so different."

It was very easy to promise there, with her trembling on his arm. His slow and obtuse soul could no more take in the full and fine nature of her demands than it could have soared to the sun. He was thinking that to give her a pretty house and elegant clothes, to pet and admire her continually, was love in its breadth and fulness.

"Yes, I will always be good to you; and you'll *try* to love me, won't you?" in a pleading tone.

"I'll try—and I'm sure that I shall succeed some time. It has only been a little while since we first met, you know?"

Her voice had such a soft, coaxing strain in it that it won him entirely.

"Would you like the Cunningham house?" with a little hesitation as if he was not quite sure of its being good enough.

"Oh, it would be lovely to go and live there! The grounds are so beautiful in summer, and such beds of flowers! I love them so much."

"It can be bought for a mere song, cash down. Your father recommended it as a speculation. I think I'll look in some day—would you like to see it?"

She blushed vividly—and he, catching a glimpse of the scarlet, laughed.

"Why yes, it will be your house—so why shouldn't you see it?"

"I am afraid father will think it too—too—expensive," she said, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I shall not ask him for anything, you know," in his common-place way. "He has only you two—and he said that if you married to suit him, you should have your share, and that he wouldn't object to me as a son-in-law. Rachel's name was never mentioned."

"And you thought of me even then?" she rejoined, clasping his arm with a sudden impulse of tenderness, her heart beating quicker at this proof of his regard.

Oh, Lucy, if you had known the mercenary depth of that first impulse, you would not have clung to him so eagerly!

He rather congratulated himself as being in luck all the way round.

"Yes. And about the house?"

"Oh, if it pleases you that will be enough;" she made answer, bashfully.

He liked the manner in which she deferred to him, and he resolved that she should have whatever pleased her, as well.

"Oh, where are we going?" and Lucy stopped suddenly. "I was to do an errand for Rachel, the last of all—and I've rambled quite out of my way. It's almost noon."

"No matter, we will go back. And now I want to know why you hid yourself when I called? I expected to see you."

"I didn't hide. I've never been invited in the room when there was company, unless it was old ladies or a Dorcas."

"But you'll come now?"

That arrangement was difficult to make. When it came to the point, Lucy was afraid to take a decisive step. She was not sure that it was hardly safe to confess so soon, and then she had a young girl's foolish romance concerning the charm of secrets.

"Let me think about it," she begged; and finally he consented, provided that she reached the conclusion speedily.

He would have accompanied her home, but this she positively forbade. Dinner was nearly over, for Mr. Garth would not have waited for the queen. Rachel had marveled at her sister's prolonged absence, and now Mr. Garth had reached a very exact and exacting mood. Where had she been? Had she made any calls? Had she met any of those idle, trifling girls against whom her father had repeatedly warned her?

Lucy was thankful that no questions were asked that she could not answer with perfect truth. For the rest, she volunteered no information, and, when her father questioned her closely, took refuge in a rather haughty silence.

Rachel left her to herself and her thoughts. They were a chaotic mass indeed. Her mind seemed to change with every varying mood, and withal her secret weighed upon her spirits. Had the elder been keener eyed, he would have found sufficient grounds for suspicion of some kind.

Matters were in this state on Sunday as the congregation clustered around the old church doors for an interchange of friendly or curious greeting. Mr. Thorndike was conspicuous among them. He elbowed his way to Mr. Garth's vicinity, hardly thinking of the watchful eyes that were upon him. He shook hands very cordially with Rachel, it must be confessed, while Lucy drew back in confusion, and turned a trifle pale. They all kept together until the groups thronged out upon the sidewalk.

"Lucy!" exclaimed her father peremptorily.

Lucy fell back a step or two beside him.

It was a proud moment in Rachel Garth's life. She knew that dozens of envious eyes were upon her, and she also had a consciousness that Warren Thorndike was held in rather superior esteem. As rich now, perhaps, as her father, in the very prime of life, and really fine looking—who among her acquaintances had married as well? So she held her head somewhat loftily, admiring the man who walked beside her, with a feeling that surprised herself.

He meanwhile bit his lip, thinking of the fair face and slender figure just behind, that he could not even see. Rachel's platitudes were wearisome, her very voice seemed harsh and cold contrasted with the other. Marry her, indeed!

He saw very little of Lucy, though he accepted the invitation to dine solely for that purpose. She was more than discreet, and Rachel bestowed upon her a grim smile that was absolutely approving. The little witch enjoyed this state of affairs as she saw the sharp frown cross her lover's brow, and the gnawing of the lip indicating displeasure.

"He *does* love me!" she thought exultingly.

Rachel spent but a very few moments in the kitchen. Lucy assisted Hetty as usual, washed her hands and gave her hair a little brush. Then she put on her hat and cloak, as the hour for Sunday-school was at hand.

She began to feel somewhat disappointed. A brief sentence or a clasp of the hand would have satisfied her, but that was quite impossible now. She must go away and let him think—what?

And then she bethought herself that she must make a journey into his presence. Her father never allowed her any money beyond the present needs, so she had to go to him regularly for her small missionary stipend. She opened the door, but her father was at the opposite end of the room, perusing his religious paper. So she preferred her request in a whisper.

"Where are you going, Lu—Miss Garth?" Mr. Thorndike asked, coloring and correcting the familiarity.

"To Sunday-school," announced her father in a pompous manner.

"I think I'll walk down the street with you," he declared in a very deliberate fashion.

Lucy trembled in every limb, and half expected that her father would command her to stay at home. The frightened look rather won upon Rachel, who attributed it to surprise and humility. And then as he was to be her brother some day, the freedom was quite allowable.

"No, don't go, Thorndike," exclaimed Mr. Garth.

"Indeed I must. I wish to see a person particularly;" and Mr. Thorndike rose.

"My friend," said Mr. Garth, "I hope soon to see you lay aside worldly cares on such a day as this."

"I don't know that it can justly be called a worldly care," Mr. Thorndike returned with a little laugh at his fancied cleverness.

Lucy's face was scarlet. She drew her veil down hurriedly, opened the hall door, and was half way through the small courtyard before Mr. Thorndike had said his adieus.

He soon strode up to her, but her heart was beating fiercely.

"This won't do, you know," he began in his abrupt way. "I can't stand it, and I may as well ask your father at once. To be put off with *her* continually."

"O, if you do love me, be patient," Lucy exclaimed pathetically.

"A man likes to see a little of the woman he loves," was the grim reply.

"It will come right sometime," she pleaded. "Only wait until we are sure that we love each other!"

"I am sure now."

Her list of arguments had not reached its end. Somehow he could not resist her pretty entreaties. She begged for a week or a fortnight, and promised to think of him every moment, and he left her at the church door a good deal dissatisfied, but more in love than ever on account of the obstacles in his path, after the fashion of human nature.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Long Hair.

We have already told of that famous "switch" of human hair five feet four inches in length. There was, however, one more famous. It was exhibited at the London Exposition of 1851, belonging to Leon Pellery, of Paris, and was about seventy-two inches in length. The story of this one that measured six feet, is rather romantic. It came from the head of a Swabian peasant girl, who had two suitors for her hand—one a poor farm hand, who earned six kreutzers a day, and the other a rich miller. The miller owned the cottage in which the Swabian girl and her widowed mother lived, and being as selfish and unscrupulous as he was wealthy, threatened to drive his tenants out of their home unless his suit was successful, although they had already paid part of the price demanded for the cottage, and were saving and working to pay the remainder. In this emergency, a travelling hair merchant appeared in the village, and sooner than marry the wealthy miller, or on the other hand have her aged mother driven from house and home, she determined upon the sacrifice of her beautiful hair. It was taken to the Leipsic annual fair, sold there for $175 to an American dealer, and from his hands found its way to its present owners. It is valued at between $250 and $300.

☞ WINKS.—The St. Albans (Vermont) Messenger says that "a Vermont Court has decided that a wink is not a legitimate acknowledgment or assent of an action. In other words that it—a wink—doesn't amount to a snap of a finger."

If this be true, what becomes of the old adage, that "a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse"?

☞ The Lynchburg, Virginia, papers indignantly deny that one of the preachers of that city called Congress a "set of infamous scoundrels," and state that what he did say was only that Congress was a "set of infamous sapheads." Ah, that is very different—for, as everybody knows, the sap is the life of the tree.

☞ A GRAMMARIAN'S THOUGHT.—What a contrast there sometimes is between the adjective and its adverb! Reflect, for example, on the wide difference that exists between the man who is constant in love, and the man who is constantly in love!—*Punch.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 19, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet, which will run for about three months, is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

OUR LETTERS.

P. S., of Harbor Creek, Pennsylvania, writes:—

"We thought we would try and do without your paper this year, but having read it for the last twenty years, we find it has become a real necessity, and the house seems lonesome without it."

J. T. B., of Claquato, Washington Territory, writes:—

"Never stop the Post, even if you do not get the pay on the day our time expires, for my wife could not keep house without it. I would rather see the cooking-stove broken."

E. E. W., of Millersburg, Ohio, says:—

"Your paper is so good, I cannot do without it. Inclosed please find subscription for another year."

Mr. S. D. M., of Morris, Illinois, writes:—

"The Post has become one of the family; we do not know how to do without it."

Mrs. W. S., of Angelica, New York, writes:—

"It seems as though I were writing to an old friend, I have taken your paper so long a time. We have to go between four and five miles for our mail, but it is no trouble so we get the paper."

J. L. B., of Salem, North Carolina, when sending on a club of ten subscribers, says:—

"Whether owing to the old familiar name of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST or not, I found no difficulty in getting the inclosed club in an hour's time."

Now that the Union is, or should be, fully restored, we are glad to welcome back to our ranks our thousands of old friends in the South.

AN OUTRAGE.

We wish to call the attention of Mr. Spinner, the Treasurer of the United States, to a great outrage that has been perpetrated upon him.

It is his portrait, we believe, that adorns one issue of the Fifty Cent currency—a round, broad face, with a bald head and a moustache. The object no doubt of placing such a face on the notes, was to frighten off all wrong-doers from either stealing or counterfeiting them. If such a face would not do this, there is no use of putting any face on with this praiseworthy object.

But some vile and unprincipled counterfeiter, undeterred by the ferocious appearance of Mr. Spinner's portrait, not only has not scrupled to counterfeit the notes in question, but—adding insult to injury, and to show that his conscience was seared beyond all fear or pity or remorse—has positively made Mr. Spinner tenfold uglier and more terrible than before.

This is the outrage to which we would call the attention of the honorable Treasurer. To counterfeit is bad enough—but to add contempt and vilification to counterfeiting proves the perpetrator to be a wretch of no common dye. It manifests a want of due reverence for authority, which is a sad sign of the times. It is a libel upon Mr. Spinner's distinguished and impressive personal appearance, as displayed upon the notes in question to the gaze, veneration and wonder of an admiring world. Other counterfeits may be tolerated, but let all the energies of the detective police of the government be employed to trace out the authors of this base and hideous caricature.

EMERSON ON MANNERS.

We have held our pen suspended for some time, questioning whether we had better say something, or say nothing, relative to Mr. Emerson's recent lecture in the "Star Course," on "Social Life in America."

Is it compatible with hospitality and good manners, not to say fine manners, frankly to say your say relative to a distinguished stranger who visits your city to enlighten or entertain you, even though he make it a matter of business by charging you a certain amount of money for the pleasure of hearing him?

Our conclusion is that the money payment settles the question. You may not look the gift-horse in the mouth—but you may the horse you have purchased or have hired. Even an Arab, we suppose, would admit this. So we proceed.

Mr. Emerson's lecture was announced to be on "Social Life in America." But it had very little to do with social life in America. It was a lecture upon manners, on behaviour, in general. We had read the material portions, the finer portions of the lecture, in Mr. Emerson's first volume of Essays, at least twenty years ago. (My—how old we all are getting!) Portions of it, however, were new—with new old illustrative anecdotes—not new to well-read men (as all editors are supposed to be,) but new to the general audience.

Mr. Emerson's entrance was greeted with a faint round of applause, which was not very honorable to this goodly but unexcitable Quaker city. The audience should have known that in greeting the lecturer they were greeting one of the foremost men of this progressive time—one of the finest, clearest minds of this turbid age—and welcomed him accordingly. But they evidently did not know this—although Dr. Furness, in introducing the lecturer, told them as much, and more.

And we may turn aside here to say that the common practice of introducing lecturers to an audience with highly complimentary allusions to their mental ability or moral worth, is a custom that is contrary to good manners, and unpleasant to every person so introduced in proportion to the refinement of his nature. If Mr. Emerson is the man we take him to be, Dr. Furness's short but fulsome address must have been very distasteful to him. We do not blame Dr. Furness, because it is "the custom,"—we return our verdict as "innocent, and trust he will never do so again."

The views of Mr. Emerson on the value of graceful, noble, and refined manners—and what constitutes fine behavior—are admirable. They can be found in substance, as we have said, in his first volume of Essays, which volume contains the germs, if not the fulness, of all he has ever written; and which we advise the finer minds among our readers to purchase and read attentively. Common-minded people need not buy the book—it will be insipid as nectar to them, and they had better stick to their usual tea and coffee, to say nothing of their whiskey and water.

Mr. Emerson may be a gentleman of very fine and graceful manners in private life—we do not know that he is not, we do not know that he is, the Boston Junos know doubtless—but in public, and as a lecturer on fine manners, he is the most awkward and graceless it has ever been our unhappy lot to sympathize with. Unfortunately the little stand upon which his manuscript was placed, exposed his whole ungraceful person; and it seemed besides to be rather too low; and there he stood beneath the pitiless gas light, half lolling on the little desk, leaning forward, shuffling his feet about, hesitating at times over his manuscript, a most convincing proof to all whom his words could not convince, of the value of a graceful manner.

No man knows better than Mr. Emerson the importance of standing upright on your feet—that this is the first great command to every superior man, STAND ON THY FEET! Why then does he not stand on his feet, physically and intellectually? No man ever gets into such a way of lolling and leaning, and standing weakly and feebly, except as a result of a similar mental weakness. It has been well said, that beneath what every man says he believes, and beneath what he thinks he believes, lies what he really does believe; and we will not insult Mr. Emerson by supposing that in his inmost soul he has any faith in the shallow philosophies now held so widely in New England. He may be a Girondist, but certainly he is not of the Mountain. The narrow and superficial theories of "eloquent" and "incorruptible" men of the ultra French types, meet certainly with but little respect in his heart of hearts. He cannot work in sincerity with those who in the sacred names of Religion and Philanthropy, are engaged in sowing dragons' teeth in the deep furrows left by the war. It takes about one generation on the average to ripen such seed into a crop of armed men. Ah, son of the Emir, is it not time to stand upon thy feet, and assert that all created things are made unequal, and that Rights are exactly proportioned to Capacity and Ability, not for the oppression and wrong of any, but for the elevation and good of all? In this world—and the next!

Mr. Emerson was in this lecture, as he always is, fragmentary. It is the peculiarity of his mind. He is always doing what the mathematicians say cannot be done, squaring the circle. He evidently never conceives a circle as a circle—it is always as an immense multiplicity of little squares. His discourses are always polished in squares and angles like a diamond; and they shine with the diamond's prismatic radiance. But he is always fragmentary—he must have a beginning in one sense, but in a higher sense he has no beginning, middle or end. He never builds the arch of thought, nor rears to heaven the grand and perfect dome. He cut off the present lecture when his hour was over, and retired. He had not come to an end—he never could have come to an end, if he had spoken till he fainted from exhaustion.

If Mr. Emerson wishes you to behold a beautiful spiritual landscape, he cuts a great many slits through which you can see the landscape cut up into slits—but not the whole or even half of it at a time. He cannot do otherwise, because he never sees the whole himself. Therefore, while he belongs to a very high order of mind, he does not belong to the first order. But America has never produced a mind of the first order. At the rate she is going on now, probably she never will. In literature it is the broad way, the wide view that leads to the heights—not the narrow way, the single eye. Bunyan is not quite equal to Shakspeare.

We must conclude. And yet we fear we have come short somewhat, and not conveyed our full sense of the merits of Mr. Emerson's performance. We need so much, in the foolish hurry and jostle of our American lives, to have the beauty of graceful and elegant manners held up before us, and to be shown in what they consist. Mr. Emerson does this with a rare and subtle power which is exquisite. He catches on the point of his silver pen the very aroma and blush of the finest courtesy. While you read or hear him, you think you will never speak rudely or harshly again—that you will always be, under all circumstances, calm and gentle and kindly and high-bred. But no one can be this in its perfection, in a hurrying, excited, tumultuous crowd. For the growth of the perfect gentleman, you must have an atmosphere of courtliness. We welcome warmly then such lectures as this, because they tend to promote the general growth of that true and genuine courtesy, which in its perfection is perhaps the consummate flower of life.

GENUINE MONEY.

Opening a letter from one of our subscribers the other day, what should drop out but four gold dollars! Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! None of your tattered "filthy lucre"—but the real, solid, shining, genuine article—which Uncle Sam regularly promises to pay on demand in every one of his greenbacks, and which he just as regularly refuses to do—repudiating his promises every day of the year, and every hour of the day.

J. K. B., we like a man who shows his respect for the editorial fraternity, and his regard for a good paper, by sending his best, and not his meanest money, in payment of his subscription.

HELPMATES.

A certain lady lecturer recently said in public—"She liked Bishop Simpson because he married people leaving out the word 'obey' in the obligation, and she advised all the young ladies to go to Bishop Simpson to be married."

Bishop Simpson probably knows that such promises amount to little now-a-days, and thinks it better that people should not solemnly promise even to do right, than make such promises and break them.

By the way, we wonder who sews on the shirt buttons of these gentlemen whose wives are continually gallivanting around the country, making speeches and attending Conventions?

Or, are the husbands very well satisfied to get rid of these accomplished ladies—knowing, as the Mormon preacher declared, that "men is scarce, but women is plenty?"

Perhaps.

☞ A new thing for brides is a plain gold bracelet, which fastens with a lock and key, and which the husband places on her arm at the altar, locking it and placing the key on his watch chain. The bracelet cannot be removed without the husband's assistance, and thus both are constantly reminded of each other. This is the new test to see whether the bride is one of the strong-minded. If she is she will refuse the bracelet. Unmarried ladies, not strong-minded, will wear such bracelets, the keys to be handed over on their engagement day. Now the gentlemen will be able to see who is who.

☞ George Peabody was drafted and wounded in the war of 1813, for which he drew a pension from government until his death.

☞ A ticklish position—Standing upon trifles.

☞ At a distance of eighteen thousand feet above the surface of the earth the air is expanded to double its original volume, and, as a consequence, the pressure is diminished to half its original amount.

☞ It is an anomaly, perhaps, but when peace and quiet are restored in Cuba, the planters will begin to raise cane.

☞ Men and women of brains rarely think it worth while to go into the show business, either for the benefit of tailors, dressmakers, or jewellers.

☞ "No cards, no cake, no company, nobody's business," is appended to the marriage notice of a young gentleman in Kansas City, Mo.

☞ A genius remarked the other day, with a grave face, that however prudent and virtuous young widows might be, he had seen many a gay young widow-*er*.

☞ A contemporary of ours protests most earnestly that he is always as good as his word. No doubt he is, but his word is good for nothing.—*Prentice.*

☞ The Wyoming girl can vote at eighteen, but the Wyoming boys must wait until they are twenty-one, like the rest of us.

DON'T TELL IT.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Your neighbor's name,
Or your friend's fair fame,
And what befell it,
In deed or word,
You may may have heard,
Yet pray don't tell it!

If kept within
This rumored sin
May prove a bubble;
If told again,
Like thriving grain,
'Twill soon grow double!

Instead of peace,
If strife increase,
Then try and quell it;
Think what you will,
Of good or ill,
But pray don't tell it.

Some good bestow
Even on a foe,
Amid your labors;
Be true as steel,
In woe or weal,
To friends and neighbors!

A secret told,
Hoard up like gold,
Nor seek to sell it;
Bury it deep,
'Tis yours to keep;
Then never tell it!

Correlation of Color and Music.

The wave lengths of sound in each successive note of the musical scale, from C up to its octave, it is well known, vary in a certain order, and the wave-length of C is twice that of its octave. W. F. Barrett has lately discovered and demonstrated, what others before had suspected, that the wave-lengths of each color in the solar spectrum vary in the same order and ratios, and that the wave-length of the violet end is in likewise half the wave-length of the red end. The mean wave-length of red, measured in ten millionths of a millimetre, is 6,853. The wave-length of the sound middle C is 52 inches. Now, call the wave-length of red 100, and the wave-length of C also 100, and the discovery is that as C corresponds to red, so does D correspond to orange in the diminution of the wave-length, and so does E to yellow, F to green, so does the mean of the blue and indigo wave-length diminish as the wave-length of the sound G is by observation found to have diminished. A corresponds to violet, and B to ultra-violet. The table below makes the matter plainer:

Color.			*Ratio.*	*Notes.*	*Ratio.*
Red,			100	C	100
Orange,			89	D	89
Yellow,			81	E	81
Green,			75	F	75
Blue,	69	mean	67	G	67
Indigo,	64				
Violet,			60	A	60
[Ultra-violet]			53	B	53
[Obscure]			50	C 2	50

The musical scale is thus literally a rainbow of sound, as the solar spectrum is a melodious scale of color; and harmony in color and music may thus probably be found to have a common physical basis.

☞ Extract from the last great sensation romance: "Then Hortense, if thou dost wish to sweep him from thy path, lure him to the godless city of Chicago, and his doom is certain." "Nay! nay! not that; though I would kill the body, I would not slay his soul." And the lady crossed herself with holy horror.

☞ TO CLEAN KNIVES.—A small potato, cut in half, is a good thing to clean knives with brickdust. The moisture helps to erase stains.

☞ A compromise is suggested in Rome by a French prelate: for the word *Infallibility*, which displeases so many, to substitute *Incontrovertibility*; that is to declare, not that the Pope cannot make a mistake, but that his decrees must be accepted, without discussion or appeal.

☞ Weather prophets tell us that we may look for very severe weather in March and April. The ice-men are hoping for at least one hard and lasting frost, to enable them to lay in their stock. It may be useful to remind those who think the winter is over, that two years ago there was good sleighing on the 12th of April; and the cold weather lasted for some time after that.

☞ In the new Lutheran church at Hagerstown, Md., a large hand is painted on the wall in the vestibule, pointing to a spittoon with the inscription, "Please leave your tobacco there."

☞ If any very small boy asks what fruit is like the site of the United States Naval Academy, tell him an apple is.

☞ Squib thinks he shall apply to the Legislature for an increase of capital. He thinks he has tried most every other way.

☞ A bore—a man who keeps talking to you of himself, when you are extremely anxious to talk to him of yourself.

☞ A Frenchman, boasting of the inventive genius of his country, said, "We invented lace ruffles." "Ay," said John Bull, "and we added shirts to them."

☞ Stranger—"Do they sell good whiskey at this hotel, Mister?" Respectable-looking Man—(but—)—"Mos' d'schid'ly. Look' (hic) me, sir, for qu'r del'r."

☞ The English Prince, at Mr. Thornton's dinner party, in Washington, wore no gloves either at dinner or at the reception afterwards; nor did Mr. Thornton, who is the British Minister. All American flunkeydom is aghast!

☞ One of Thomson's highway locomotives, having strong india-rubber bands around the wheels, to increase their adherence to the soil, recently ascended, descended, and crossed the sides of the steepest declivities in Paris. Having satisfactorily accomplished all the tests to which it was exposed, its trial was regarded as a complete success. The question of the duration of the india-rubber bands, however, is of considerable importance, seeing that those upon the machine tested cost at least seven hundred and fifty dollars.

☞ A lady, who was a strict observer of etiquette, being unable to attend church one Sunday, sent her card.

☞ Mr. Dalrymple, the great farmer of Minnesota, is said to have made one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, clear gain, in three years of farming.

☞ A POLITE YOUNG MAN.—A very polite young man, wishing to ask a young lady if he might speak to her a few moments, wanted to know "if he could roll the wheel of conversation around the axle-tree of her understanding for a moment." The poor girl fainted.

☞ CHEERFULNESS.—"Try for a single day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Then compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up; and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate."

☞ Burns is very popular in Germany. All his songs and ballads have been lately published in German. Where's Mrs. Stowe?

☞ Emerson quoted in his recent lecture the anecdote of the lady who said that she felt a serene peace of mind in being well-dressed that religion could not afford.

☞ A MISAPPREHENSION.—A friend offered X—— some milk to drink. X—— replied that milk had been distasteful to him from his earliest recollection. Being pressed to partake, he lifted his eyes and gazed upon the proffered cup. Beer in all its glory met his vision. "Oh," said he, smilingly, "I thought it was the udder kind!"

☞ "BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."—*Mamma*—"See, Marion! In a few seconds the sun will set in the ocean!"

Marion—"Oh, yes, yes! And *what* a splash there will be!"

☞ A pleasant party at Collier's. Lamb in high spirits. Punster being abused and the old joke repeated, that he who puns will pick a pocket, some one said, "Punsters themselves have no pockets." "No," said Lamb, "they carry only a ridicule."

☞ Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said, "A girl, now, seems all head." "Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever.

☞ Seven babies a night is the rate of arrivals at the New York Foundling Hospital.

☞ ATTENDING CHURCH.—A parson surprised a farmer, whom he seldom saw at his ministrations, by asking him directly, after a little reproof of his sin of omission, "Shall we see you at church next Sabbath?" "Y-e-s," he replied, slowly, "I'll go—or send a hand!"

☞ An Indiana girl, attending a private party, excused herself when asked to sing, saying:—"You must excuse me, for I never attempt to sing, except to warble a few wild notes for pa at eventide."

☞ Some of the western cities are utterly insolvent. Galena, Ill., cannot pay the interest on its debt of $200,000, and the valuation of property, which in 1856 was $3,312,074, is now less than half a million of dollars.

☞ Salt Lake papers contain letters from Mormon missionaries "laboring" in Massachusetts. One of them says he has converted a large number, and will bring them to Utah in the spring. The Mormons think that Polygamy would be a great thing for the over-womaned New England states—and that if the overplus of women there were comfortably married, the rest of the country might have peace.

☞ The committee of the Alabama House of Representatives on Enrolled Bills recently "reported in favor of employing a scholar to overlook, correct the spelling and make good grammar of all the bills introduced in the House before the bills were brought up on second reading." As in many of the Southern legislatures a large proportion of the members cannot even read and write, the employment also of a schoolmaster might be advisable.

☞ It is said that the Empress Eugenie and some intimate friends were speaking to Napoleon III. with great dismay about the changes which are going on and their wide consequences. "Well," said he, "you are very hard to please. I find myself, that, *for a revolution*, things are going on very smoothly."

☞ Emilie Ollivier recently said: "From the day I first entered public life I have had but one policy—liberty without revolution."

☞ The Hartford Times declares that when Senator Sumner complimented Mrs. Senator Revels upon the good fortune of her husband, that delighted lady replied, "Tank you, sah! dough de Lord afflick you wid a white skin, he gib you a heart as black as anybody's!"

☞ Members of the Illinois Legislature thought they could get rid of the lobby by giving out that they had the small-pox. The lobbyists got around that dodge by getting vaccinated, and are a sorer trouble than before.

☞ "Imaginashun, tew mutch indulged in," says Josh Billings, "soon is tortured into reality; this is one way good hoss thieves are made; a man leans over a fence all day and imagines the hoss belongs tew him, and sure enuff, the first dark night, the hoss does."

☞ PATIENCE.—"I remember," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'how could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'"

☞ A couple of tall Norwegians were married in Chicago. The bridegroom was over six feet and the bride was *six feet six*, making, when "spliced," nearly 13 feet of matrimony. What we call a wedding in high life.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—3000 bbls of Penna and Western family sold on private terms, and 11,000 bbls in lots at prices ranging from $4,25@4,50 for superfine, $4,40@5 for extra, $5@5,75 for Penna, $5@5,85 for Northwest family, $5,75@6 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $6,50@7,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—20,000 bus of Western, Penna and Southern red sold at $1,22@1,26 for fair to prime; 15,000 bus do on private terms, and 8000 bus white at $1,40@1,55 ₱ bus. Corn—70,000 bus new yellow sold at 86@86c ₱ bus, as to condition, the latter rate afloat, and 6000 bus of old at 95@97c. Oats—50,000 bus sold at 52@54c ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS.—Sales of 600 bbls new Mess Pork at $26,50@27. Beef Hams are quoted at $21@22 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales Sides at 15¼@15c, and Shoulders at 13½c. Green Meats—Sales of 250 tcs pickled Hams at 14¼@15½c, and 1500 tcs on private terms, and Shoulders, in salt, at 11@11¼. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 16c for steam and kettled rendered; kegs at 18c. Butter—Pennsylvania and Western and solid packed ranges from 15 to 25c. Cheese—Sales at 18@19c. Eggs sell at 29@30c ₱ doz.

COTTON—700 bales Middlings sold at 25¼c for Uplands, and 26¼c ₱ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales No 1 Quercitron at $30 ₱ ton.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 ℔s, $1,45@1,50; Mixed do $1,20@1,30; Straw $1,30@1,40.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 18@30c, and Wisconsin at 15@25c.

IRON—Pig metal continues dull, at $35 for No 1. Bar Iron is quoted at $78@80 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is rather lower, with sales of 2000 bus at $7,75@8,50 for prime quality; Timothy sells at $4,75@5. Flaxseed sells at $2,25@2,26 ₱ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₱ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6c ₱ ℔. 5000 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,00 ₱ 100 ℔s.

No Female Lawyers in Illinois.

In September last Mrs. Myra Bradwell, of Chicago, applied to the Supreme Court of Illinois for a license to practice law, and her application was denied solely on the ground that the disabilities of her married condition rendered it impossible that she should be bound by her obligations as an attorney. Mrs. Bradwell afterwards submitted a printed argument to the court, which is represented as being very able, and the court reconsidered her application, but last week again denied it. In denying the application Mr. Justice Lawrence delivered a very elaborate opinion, deciding that no woman can be admitted to practice law in Illinois. An attorney, the court says, is not merely an agent but an officer whose business it is to assist in the administration of justice. If a woman can fill this office, every office in the state will be open to her. The adverse argument is based mainly on the common law as it affects the property of women under the statute, relieving somewhat its rigors and the usages under it which denied women the right to hold office. The grim judges were very polite, and told how much pleasure it would give them to grant licenses to women, but they took care to close up the avenues against the reformers by remarking that "courts of justice were not intended to be made the instruments for pushing forward measures for popular reform."

☞ Whittier being asked for an autograph the other day, at once complied by penning:

The name is but the shadow, which we find
Too often larger than the man behind!
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

☞ Minnesota produced 150,000 bushels of apples last year.

☞ A little girl, repeating her Sabbath-school lesson, gave a new version to a familiar passage:—"Ye cannot serve God and mamma!"

☞ "Hurry, mamma," said a little innocent with his cut finger; "hurry, it's leaking."

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the waste and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

☞ The following incident is related of the late General O. M. Mitchell:—While making some astronomical observations with a powerful telescope, he one evening brought into his vision some fine fruit trees, full seven miles from where his instrument was placed. In looking through his telescope he saw with perfect clearness some boys approach the trees, make their dispositions, and then proceed to steal the fruit—the professor watching every movement, and seeing each one of the actors with perfect distinctness. Mitchell used to tell this anecdote with much feeling, saying that while he watched the little thieves, who supposed they were unobserved, the words kept ringing in his ears, "Thou, God, seest me."

Tetter, Tetter, Itch Itch, Scratch, Scratch.

"*Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*," after an experience of many years, has proved to be a sovereign remedy for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Army Itch, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Blotches, Barbers' Itch, Ringworm, Itching Piles, &c. No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Cures Itch in from 12 to 48 hours. Ask for "*Swayne's Ointment*." Use no other. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 60 cents. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 6th St., Philadelphia. feb5-eowtf

☞ A printer in the office of the Chicago Evening Post claims to have set last week eighty thousand ems in thirty-eight hours—an average of twenty-one hundred ems per hour—ordinary run of the Post's matter.

☞ *CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP* contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 34 Front Street, New York. oct9-6m

For coughs and throat disorders, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having *proved* their efficiency by a test of many years.

"I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, excepting to think yet better of that which I began thinking well of."
Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FITS! FITS! FITS!
FITS! FITS! FITS!

Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits

BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The *last* one was on the 7th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenada, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS

By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial.
B. L. DE FRENEE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, Miss., June 5, 1865.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Lyon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LYON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 30.
SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

WONDERFUL, BUT TRUE.

A few days since, Mr. James H. Beadle, of Huntsville, Alabama, called on us, and gave us permission to publish for the benefit of suffering humanity, the astonishing cure which had been effected in the case of his wife by the use of Dr. Hance's Vegetable Epileptic Pills. He informed us, that at the time his wife commenced using the medicine, her system was entirely prostrated by the number of spasms she had undergone, as to reduce her weight to 100 pounds. Since she has been taking the Pills, she has entirely got over the spasms, and has gained in weight and bodily health. She now weighs at least 200 pounds, and declares she is in better enjoyment of health than ever before in her life. Mr. Beadle also related the case of Mr. Harrison Lightfoot of the same town, who has been entirely cured of the worst form of Epilepsy, by these same Pills. Mr. Lightfoot's case was so bad that he never passed a week without having an attack, often falling down in the street. He has not had an attack for more than a year. Mr. Beadle thinks that if the Pills ever fail in curing a case, it is for the want of proper perseverance on the part of the person in taking them, as he feels assured from observation in the case of his wife, that if they are taken for a sufficient length of time, they will cure any case. Sent to any part of the country, by mail, on the receipt of a remittance.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, two, $3; $5; twelve, $27. feb19-13t

To Make Paper Transparent.

Artists, architects, land surveyors, and all who have occasion to make use of tracing paper in their professional duties, will be glad to know that any paper capable of the transfer of a drawing in ordinary ink, pencil, or water colors, and that even a stout drawing paper can be made as transparent as the thin, yellowish paper at present used for tracing purposes. The liquid used is benzine. If the paper be dampened with pure and fresh distilled benzine, it at once assumes a transparency, and permits of the tracing being made, and of ink or water colors being used on its surface without "running." The paper resumes its opacity as the benzine evaporates, and if the drawing is not completed, the requisite portion of the paper must be again dampened with the benzine. The transparent calico, on which indescribable tracings can be made, was a most valuable invention, and this new discovery of the properties of benzine will prove of further service to many branches of the art profession, in allowing the use of stiff paper where formerly only a very slight tissue could be used.

Irritable Invalids.

Indigestion not only effects the physical health but the dispositions and tempers of its victims. The dyspeptic becomes, too, in a measure demoralized by his sufferings. He is subject to fits of irritation, sullenness, or despair, as the case may be. A preternatural sensitiveness which he cannot control, leads him to misconstrue the words and acts of those around him, and his intercourse even with those nearest and dearest to him is not unfrequently marked by exhibitions of testiness foreign to his real nature. These are the mental phenomena of the disease, for which the invalid cannot be justly held responsible, but they occasion much household discomfort. It is to the interest of the home circle, it is essential to family harmony as well as to the rescue of the principal sufferer from a state not far removed from incipient insanity, that these symptoms of mental disturbance be promptly removed. This can only be done by removing their physical cause, a derangement of the functions of the stomach, and its allied viscera, the liver and the bowels. Upon these three important organs HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS act simultaneously, producing a thorough and salutary change in their condition. The vegetable ingredients of which the preparation is composed are of a renovating, regulating and *alterative* character and the stimulant which lends activity to their remedial virtues is the purest and best that can be extracted from the most wholesome of all cereals, viz.: sound rye. No dyspeptic can take this genial restorative for a single week without experiencing a notable improvement in his general health. Not only will his bodily sufferings abate from day to day, but his mind will recover rapidly from its restlessness and irritability, and this happy change will manifest itself in his demeanor to all around him. feb5-4t

☞ STEREOSCOPIC AMUSEMENT.—Select two photographs, the one of a gentleman, the other of a lady, or of any two persons, taken of the same size and in the same attitude, and place them side by side in the stereoscope; to the observer, a new face will appear composed of some of the features of each.

A Humbug.

How often we hear this expression from persons reading advertisements of patent medicines, and in nine cases out of ten they may be right. It is over 22 years since I introduced *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment* to the public. I had no money to advertise it, so I left it for sale with a few druggists and storekeepers through a small section of the country, many taking it with great reluctance; but I told them to let any one have it, and if it did not do all I stated on my pamphlet, no one need pay for it. In some stores two or three bottles were taken on trial by persons present. I was, by many, thought crazy, and that would be the last they would see of me. But I knew my medicine was no humbug. In about two months I began to receive orders for more Liniment, some calling it my valuable Liniment, who had refused to sign a receipt when I left it at their store. Now my sales are millions of bottles yearly, and all for cash. I warrant it superior to any other medicine for the cure of croup, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, vomiting, spasms, and sea-sickness, as an internal remedy. It is perfectly innocent to take internally—see oath accompanying each bottle—and externally for chronic rheumatism, headache, mumps, frosted feet, bruises, sprains, old sores, swellings, sore throats, &c., &c.

Price 50 cents. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. feb5-4t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct1-1y

☞ A Mississippi negro worked on shares, but got "nuffin," "because," said he, "I worked for de seventh, and we only made de fifth—crop short."

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th of Jan., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM H. PAULLIN to Miss MARY LANDIS, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. NATHAN RAYMOND to Miss MARY J. POOLE, both of this city.

On the 20th of Jan., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES A. ARNOLD to Miss ANNIE HICKMAN, both of this city.

On the 31st of Jan., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOSEPH BROWN to Miss SARAH EASTBURN both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM MCFARLAND to Miss MARY J. CHILDS, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John H. Castle, GEORGE W. KENYON to NANNIE, daughter of John W. Everman, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM LAWRENCE, in his 62d year.

On the 7th instant, SAMUEL B. JONES, in his 30th year.

On the 7th instant, CALEB S. HALLOWELL, in his 52d year.

On the 7th instant, DAVID GARMAN, aged 63 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. GEORGE SHOEMB, aged 65 years.

On the 6th instant, CHARLES LEWARS, aged 59 years.

On the 6th instant, CORNELIA PARKER, wife of John Hare, in her 44th year.

On the 5th instant, MATTHEW MACRIE, Sr., aged 78 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. BENJAMIN MILNE, in his 81st year.

On the 11th of April, 1869, in Habersham county, Georgia, Mrs. MARGARET GREEN, wife of Mr. John Green, aged eighty years.

THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for the present year:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

Stick to your Bush.

Mr. Morgan was a rich and also a good man. The people of the town respected him, sent him to Parliament, and seldom undertook anything without asking his advice. If a school-house was to be built, the plan had to be talked over with him. Widow P—— asked him what she should plant in her field; Farmer S—— always got his advice in buying cattle; and Mrs. R—— consulted him about bringing up her boys.

When asked how he was so successful, Mr. Morgan said: "I will tell you how it was. One day, when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself with joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out the gate, when my father called me back. He took hold of my hand and said, in a very gentle voice: 'Joseph, what are you going for, to pick berries or to play?' 'To pick berries,' I replied. 'Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this; when you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries, stick to your bush.'

"I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the new found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept running in my ears, and I 'stuck to my bush.' When I had done with one I found another, and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a large basketful of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe, black berries, and said: 'Well done, Joseph. Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush.'

"He died a few days after, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sunk deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party; I 'stuck to my bush.' When I had a fair place, and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When other young men said: 'Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks,' I shook my head and 'stuck to my bush.' Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the principals died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: 'Stick to your bush.'"—*Rural New Yorker.*

EXCELSIOR! AND TOPSIDE GALAH!

BY LONGFELLOW AND LONGERFELLOW.

[Our readers are doubtless familiar with Longfellow's poem "Excelsior," but "Topside Galah" will be new to them. That the points of the latter may be brought out in full relief, we publish in alternate verses.]

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

That nightee time begin chop-chop,
One young man walkee, no can stop—
Maskee cole! maskee ice!
He carry the flag wid chop so nice,
Topside Galah!

His brow was sad: his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

He too muchee sórrow, one piecie eye
Look see sharp—so—all same my;
He talkee largee, talkee stlong,
Too muchee curio—all same gong—
Topside Galah!

In happy homes he saw the light,
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

Inside my house he can see light,
And every room got fire all lite;
He look see plentee ice more high,
Inside he mouth he plantee sly,
Topside Galah!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said.
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

Olo man talkee, "No can walk!—
Bimeby rain come—werry dark,
Hab got water, werry wide!"
Maskee! my must go topside—
Topside Galah!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night,—
A voice replied, far up the hight,
Excelsior!

"Man-man," one girl talkee he,
"What for you go topside, look see?"
And one more time he plenty cly,
But all time walkee plentee high,
Topside Galah!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

"Take care that spollem-tree, young man!
Take care that ice, he won't, man-man!"
That colic chin-chin he good-night,
He talkee, "My can go all lite!"
Topside Galah!

A traveller, by a faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

Joss Pidgin man, he soon begin
Mornin time that Joss chin-chin,
He no man can see—he plentee fear,
Cause some man—he can hear
Topside Galah!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior!

That young man die—one large dog see
Too muchee bobbery findee he:
He hand b'long colo—all same ice,
Have got flag with chop so nice,
Topside Galah!

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FLOOD OF GOLDEN SUNLIGHT.

Sitting alone together in the evening twilight, Mrs. Dawkes explained the embarrassment to Thomas Kage, who had answered her summons speedily. Years ago—he remembered it well, and so did she—he had bid her send for him, if in need of counsel, at any hour of the day or night. That is, she explained the embarrassment as far as she was cognizant of it; and then preferred the request—that Mr. Kage would advance some twelve thousand pounds of Tom's money to her husband.

"Major Dawkes has been prompting you to ask this," was the barrister's answer.

"He pressed me to ask it to-day; I refused to do so at first, and it caused an unpleasant scene between us," she said, her cheek reddening with the remembrance. "But when he explained the frightful position we are in—that rude rough men, harpies he called them, will break in here and seize upon our things, and leave the house empty, of course it startled me into feeling that something must be done to prevent it. The Major says they'll bring vans to take the furniture away, and pitch beds, and suchlike, out of the window into the street. Only think the uproar the neighborhood would be in, seeing that."

"Caroline," rejoined Mr. Kage in a low tone, "when I finally decided to act as the child's trustee—and you know I at first wished to decline it—one reason for my doing so was, that I might identify myself with, and protect, his interests. I informed you that I should never, under any inducement, be prevailed upon to advance you, or any future husband you might take, or any other person whatsoever, any portion of the money. You must remember this?"

"Certainly, I remember it; it is not so long ago."

"Then, remembering this, how can you prefer such a request as the present? I have foreseen that a man, with your husband's extravagant habits, would probably become embarrassed, and—"

"*Did* you?" interrupted Caroline, in great surprise; "I'm sure he has had enough to spend. But this trouble is not caused by the Major's own debts; they are liabilities he has entered into for a brother-officer."

Mr. Kage looked at her.

"Did Major Dawkes tell you this?"

She knew her cousin well, every turn of his countenance and voice.

"Thomas, you don't believe this!"

"I prefer not to discuss the matter with you, Caroline."

"Whichever way it may be, however contracted, the debts are not the less real," she continued; "and nothing but the scandal likely to arise in our home would have induced me to apply to you for a loan to him of Tom's money. Will you let him have it?"

"No. And I am sorry that Major Dawkes should have suggested this to you. He had already had a decisive negative from me."

"Has he asked you before?"

"Yes. Several weeks ago."

"Oh, indeed," she uttered in a tone of pique; pique against her husband. "He might have had the grace to consult me first, considering whose money it is."

Mr. Kage had thought so at the time. He made no remark.

"You will advance it now, Thomas, for my sake."

"I would do a great deal for your sake, Caroline; but not this. I will not be a false trustee, or part with my own integrity."

Some thought, some recollection, came over Mrs. Dawkes, and she betrayed for a moment vivid emotion. Thomas Kage took up a book that lay on the table and turned over its leaves. He would not so much as glance at her.

"What am I to do, if people do come in here and take the furniture?"

"Go to the Rock, Caroline; that is my advice to you. Go at once, and leave the Major to fight out the battle with his creditors!"

"They cannot come into the Rock?" she exclaimed in sudden apprehension.

"Most certainly not. The Major's liabilities could no more touch that, or anything it contains, than mine could. It is yours for use until your boy shall be of age: after that, his absolutely."

"But would not the seizing these things be like a lasting disgrace?"

"It is a disgrace occurring every day in families higher in position than yours, and it is thought little of. But in this case, Caroline, no disgrace will be reflected on *you*. You are shielded from it by your own position. It is a peculiar one. You have your large fortune; you are in possession of the Rock. The Major's embarrassments cannot touch you; they are his own exclusively, and people regard them as such."

"Regard!" she interrupted, quickly taking up the word. "Are they already known?"

"Somewhat of them, I fancy. But I ought to have said 'will regard,' for I was thinking of the contingency we have been speaking of. If these things must go, let them go, Caroline: it may serve as a warning to the Major to be prudent in future."

"Thomas, you know that all the things are mine. They were bought with my money."

"They were purchased in his name, and the law can take them."

"That's a great shame. The law must know they really belong to me."

"There was no marriage settlement, you see, Caroline."

"Well, well, I know how stupid *that* was; no good going over it again."

"None in the world. I am sorry your husband should have troubled you with this."

"He said if he could not have the money he would shoot himself," said Mrs. Dawkes.

Mr. Kage's eyes twinkled with a merry expression.

"I remember, some years ago, when the Major was in want of money, he said he must have it, or drown himself. I don't think he had it; and he is alive yet. Tell him, Caroline, he will do well to forget that Tom has money. And do you go at once to the Rock, where the Major's grievances cannot disturb your peace."

"It has just come to what I anticipated; for I did not really expect you would advance him any," she observed with equanimity; "and I know you are right. But won't he be in a passion when I tell him."

"I will tell him myself, if you like," said Mr. Kage. "Indeed I would prefer to do so."

Mrs. Dawkes acquiesced, glad to have the matter taken out of her hands. And the next day the bewildered Major received a short decisive note, which convinced him all hope from that quarter was really over.

Many a time since has Thomas Kage asked himself the question, whether, if Major Dawkes had gone to him and revealed the whole truth of his peril, and pleaded to him for salvation, as a man just condemned sometimes pleads to the judge for his life—whether he might have been tempted to prove false to his trust, and save him. And he has always been thankful that the difficulty was not brought to him.

The next scene, fated to be enacted in the drama, was the illness of little Tom Canterbury. Not quite immediately did Mrs. Dawkes act on Mr. Kage's advice—to go to the Rock. She could not tear herself all at once from her fashionable friends; and she had a ready excuse in the fact that she was yet rather weak for travel. Just a few days she intended should elapse first. Before they were over, Tom was taken ill with a malady he had been attacked with before—inflammation of the chest. He was in great danger. Mrs. Dawkes hung over him, scarcely quitting his bedside; now giving way to hope, now to all the anguish of despair.

But see you not what a flood of golden sunlight this same dangerous illness opened on the Major? It could not be said, perhaps, that he positively prayed for the child to die; but the possible contingency lay on his heart continually in a kind of wild wish, never leaving it. To temporise much longer with those men whom he so terribly feared would not be in his power.

Mrs. Dawkes sat at the child's bedside, the purple-silk curtain drawn between him and the meridian sun. There appeared to be little doubt that he was dying. A wan white face it was, laid on the pillow, the blue eyes half closed, the fair hair falling around. One hand, stretched out on the counterpane, held the mother-of-pearl shell given him by Belle Annesley. It was open; and the vivid coloring of the angels' robes in the picture, bearing the child to heaven, shone brightly in a stray sunbeam that fell across the bed. It was strange the hold that this simple toy had taken—or rather the picture it contained—on the imagination of the boy, who was, in good truth, too susceptible.

He had been lying for some time without moving; his mother watching him, tears in her eyes, a dull pain in her aching heart, when the eyes fully opened, and some slight animation appeared in the still face.

"Let him have my money, mamma."

The words, suddenly breaking on the previous stillness, startled Mrs. Dawkes. She did not catch the thread of what he meant.

"Let who have your money, my darling?"

"Papa. Oh, let him have it! He'll not be angry with you then."

She understood now. His mind was running on that unhappy scene of a short while before, when Major Dawkes had struck him down, and terrified him with furious words. It had laid hold of his imagination for ill.

"We shall not want money in heaven, mamma."

"No, that we shall not."

"And heaven's better than the Rock."

"Much better," she said from the depths of her weary heart.

"I wish I was there," sighed the child. "See how good the angels are!"—with a movement of the shell towards her. "They take us up without any pain."

"Tom, my darling, don't talk of dying. It will break my heart."

But the boy did not seem to heed the words. He lay with his eyes wide open, as if looking for something in the distance, presently repeating again the burden of his song.

"I wish I was there! It is full of flowers and sunshine; and no one is cruel; Jesus will not let them be. Mamma, I wish I was there."

And Mrs. Dawkes bent her anguished brow on the pillow by his side. The wish sounded in her ears like an ominous prevision.

In the afternoon Major Dawkes came up. Tom was worse then; lying almost without motion, and breathing with difficulty.

"There is no further hope; I am sure of it," moaned Mrs. Dawkes in her heartfelt anguish.

The Major felt entirely of the same opinion. He was looking at the small white face, when one of the servants appeared and imperceptibly beckoned him out. He was wanted down stairs.

"You did not say I was in?" uttered the Major, after closing the door on the sick room.

"The gentleman would not listen to me, sir. He walked straight in, when *I* answered the door, and sat down in the dining-room. He says he shall sit there till he sees you. It is Mr. Rosse."

Major Dawkes nearly fainted. Mr. Rosse was a lawyer, and one of those dangerous enemies he so dreaded. Go to him, he was obliged; and yet—he scarcely dared. He shrunk from the interview like the veriest coward.

"You are worse than a fool, Richard," fumed the Major. "If you cannot contrive to keep people out of my house that I don't want to see, you may quit my service."

"It's not possible to keep the door barred, sir, with visitors and doctors and other people coming to it perpetual," was all the answer Richard ventured to make.

The conference was a stormy one, though carried on in cautious tones, and within closed doors. Things had come to an extremity.

"Only a few days more; only a day or two!" implored Major Dawkes, wiping his forehead, which had turned cold and damp. "It is impossible that he can survive, and then I shall have thousands and thousands at command, and will amply recompense you. You have waited so long, you can surely accord me this little additional grace; I will pay the bill twice over for it, and twice to that."

"Upon one plea or another we have been put off from day to day and from week to week. This may be as false an excuse as the others have been."

"But it is not a false excuse; the child is lying upon his bed, dying. If Mrs. Dawkes were not with him, you might go up and see for yourself that it is so. Hark! That is the physician's step."

The physician it was; he had been upstairs, and was coming down again. Major Dawkes threw wide the door of the dining-room.

"Doctor, what hope is there? I fear but little."

"There's just as much as you might put in your hand and blow away," replied the Doctor, who was a man of quaint sayings, and knew that Major Dawkes bore no blood relationship to the child. "The only hope that remains, lies in the elasticity of children; they seem ready to be shrouded one hour, and are running about the room the next. We can do nothing more for our little patient; and if he does rally, it will be owing to this elasticity, this tenacity of life in the young. I do not think he will."

The doctor passed out at the hall-door, and the Major turned to his visitor.

"You hear what he says; now will you give me the delay?"

"Well—under the circumstances—one day longer," replied the lawyer, whose firm would prefer their money, even to the exposure of the Major. Let them once get clear of Major Dawkes, and he might swindle all the bill-brokers in London afterwards for what they cared. He stepped across the hall towards the door, and the Major attended him.

"But if the child should not die—if he should recover—what then?" Mr. Rosse suddenly stopped to ask.

The Major's heart and face alike turned sickly at the supposition; it was one he dared not dwell upon—literally *dared* not.

"There is no 'if' about it; he is quite sure to die. When I was up with him but now, he looked at the last gasp; the nurse thought he was dead then, up to the knees. I'll drop you a note as soon as it's over."

It went on to night. The child lay in the same state—his eyes closed, and quite unconscious—battling with death. The medical men came and came: but they could render no assistance; and it seemed pretty certain that no morning would dawn for little Tom Canterbury. Mrs. Dawkes would sit up with him, in spite of her husband's remonstrances, who told her that the incessant fatigue and watching would make her ill again. He went to rest himself, and slept soundly; for his troubles seemed at an end. The sick-room, as may be remembered, was near his own; and Major Dawkes was suddenly aroused by a movement in it. He heard the nurse come out, call to Richard, and tell him to run for the Doctor. The man had been kept up all night, to be ready if wanted. The Major looked at his watch—five o'clock.

"It's over at last," thought he. "What a mercy! I did not think he'd hold out so long. Ah, they may send, but doctors cannot bring the dead to life. And now I am a free man again!"

He would not go into the death-chamber; he did not admire death-scenes personally; and it would be time enough to condole with Mrs. Dawkes by-and-by. So he lay, indulging a charming vision of the golden paradise which had at length opened to him, which was partly imagination, partly a semi-dream.

The return of Richard disturbed him. He heard the latch-key turn in the door, and the man come up the stairs. Major Dawkes rose, put on his slippers, opened his door an inch or two, and arrested his servant.

"You have been round to the Doctor's, Richard?"

"Yes, sir. He'll be here in a minute or two."

"There was no necessity to disturb him, only that it may be more satisfactory to your mistress. The child is dead, I suppose."

"Dead, sir!—No. He has took a turn for the better."

"What?" gasped Major Dawkes.

"He seems to have took a turn, sir—and has rallied; and that's why my mistress sent for the Doctor."

"I—I—don't understand," cried the bewildered Major.

He really did not. So intense had been the conviction of the child's death, that his mind was unable at once to admit any different impression.

"When the Doctor was here the last thing, sir, he thought there might be a change in the night, for the better or the worse. If it was for the better, he was to be sent to, he said," explained Richard.

"And—it is for the better?"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir, happily. Judith says she's sure he will get over it now."

Major Dawkes withdrew into his room, and softly closed the door. He felt as though the death-blow, which was to have overtaken the child, had missed its aim, and fallen upon him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO PICTURES.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amidst the city's constant din,
A man, who rounds the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long;
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Large Families.

We propose to give here a notice of some of the most remarkable instances of numerous births which from time to time have been chronicled. It will appear almost incredible that so many as twenty children should have sprung from one mother, but among the cases enumerated here will be found some very much more remarkable in point of number. There is a singular instance of numerous births to be found in the *English Causes Célebres*, where Colonel James Turner, in his defence, speaking of his wife says, "She sat down, being somewhat fat and weary, poor heart! I have had twenty-seven children by her, fifteen sons and twelve daughters." Some remarkable instances of this have been chronicled at different times in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In the year 1736, we find a notice of the birth of the thirty-fifth child by one husband of a woman in Vere Street. In 1743, is recorded the death of Agnes Milbourne, aged 106, who had been the mother of thirty children. In 1738, we are told of a "Mr. Thomas Rogers, a change-broker, who had by his wife twenty-nine children, born and christened." On July 31st, 1781, it is mentioned that a man and woman at Kirton-le-Moor, in Cumberland, together with their thirty children, the youngest of whom was between two and three years old, walked to church to the christening of their thirty-first child. In the *Collectanea Topographica* is noticed the case of Thomas Greenhill, surgeon to the Duke of Norfolk, 1666, who petitioned the Earl Marshal, "that in consideration of your petitioner being the seventh son and thirty-ninth child of one father and mother, your grace would be pleased to signalise it by some particular remark or augmentation in his coat of arms, to transmit to posterity so uncommon a thing." It may be observed that the confirmation of the arms contains no reference to the fact.

A still more wonderful instance is given in the same work, of a weaver in Scotland, who had by one woman sixty-two children, of whom four daughters and forty-six sons lived to grow up. This account is given on the authority of several credible witnesses. In each of these cases it will be observed that the children were all borne of the same parents. Two other cases are recorded slightly different: one of a man who had eighty-seven children by two wives, of which sixty-nine were by the first, eighteen by the second; another, who had seventy-two children by two wives, one of whom was the mother of thirty-two children.

Perhaps still more wonderful are the cases on record of the number of children which have been borne at a single birth. It is stated in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for March, 1798, that in the commune of Verchoq, department of Pas-de-Calais, the wife of Pierre Francois Duisain had six children at a birth, three boys and three girls; they were all borne alive, but died soon after. Dinora Salvinti, wife of Bartolomeo Frescobaldi, a member of an old Florentine house, gave birth to fifty-two children in all, of whom never less than three were born at one time.

In Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire* we find an account of an inscription at Wishford Magna, to Thomas Bonham and Edith his wife, who died in the year 1473 and 1469 respectively. Mrs. Bonham had two children at one birth the first time, and after an interval of seven years she had as many as seven children at once. There is a tradition, which is recorded in the parish register, that all the seven children were brought together to the font of the church and there baptised.

MEMORIES.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm;
But the flown ecstacy my childhood heard
Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
Haply made sweeter by the accumulate thrill
That threads my undivided life and steals
A pathos from the years and graves between.
I know not how it is with other men,
Whom I but guess, deciphering myself;
For me, once felt is so felt nevermore.
The fleeting relish at sensation's brim
Had in it the best ferment of the wine.
One spring I knew as never any since;
All night the surges of the warm southwest
Boomed intermittent through the shuddering elms
And brought a morning from the Gulf adrift,
Omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick charm
Startled with crocuses the sullen turf
And wiled the bluebird to his whiff of song;
One summer hour abides, what time I perched,
Dappled with noonday, under simmering leaves,
And pulled the pulpy oxheart, while aloof
An oriole clattered and the robins shrilled,
Denouncing me as an alien and a thief;
One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,
When in the lane I watched the ash-leaves fall,
Balancing softly earthward without wind
Or twirling with directer impulse down
On those fallen yesterday, new barbed with frost,
While I grew pensive with the pensive year:
And once I learned how marvellous winter was,
When past the fence rails, downy-gray with rime,
I creaked adventurous o'er the spangled crust
That made familiar fields seem far and strange
As those stark wastes that whiten endlessly
In ghastly solitude about the pole,
And gleam relentless to the unsetting sun;
Instant the candid chambers of my brain
Were painted with these sovran images;
And later visions seem but copies pale
From those unfading frescoes of the past,
Which I, young savage, in my age of flint,
Gazed at, and dimly felt a power in me
Parted from nature by the joy in her
That doubtfully revealed me to myself.
Thenceforward I must stand outside the gate;
And paradise was paradise the more,
Known once and barred against satiety.

—*From "The Cathedral."*

THE FABLED MERMAID AND A PRETENDED MERMAN.

Human credulity is almost boundless; but it has many excuses. A readiness to believe is absolutely cultivated by the same means by which we instil knowledge, and the marvels of Nature and science are so varied and wide that it is difficult for those who have illogical minds to know what to believe and what to discredit.

Mermaidens and mermen have from early ages been reckoned among the wonders of the sea. Poets have sung of their wondrous beauty and power, historians of the most irreproachable veracity have chronicled their appearance; writers of natural history have asserted most decidedly a belief in their existence, and even in the present day there are men of education and science who believe that if Nature has not produced a mermaid, she has been wanting in her duty, as not having completed the chain of vertebrate animals. It will not be thought surprising that the ideal of the poet differed considerably from that of the man of science. Our illustration will enable our readers to appreciate this difference for themselves. On the one side is the mermaid of the poet's fancy, combing her long tresses with a shell; on the other side is a representation of an object which was exhibited some years ago as a merman, and which proved, of course, on examination, to have been manufactured for the occasion.

There is an old story extant of the fishing-up of a merman on the Sussex coast in 1187. This creature, who acted like a man in every respect but that of speech, was kept by the governor for six months, when we are left to infer that it died, but the chronicle saveth not.

In 1430, Holland was visited by a storm that carried away dykes and forced the sea into the meadows. Some market-women, it is said, crossing the mere in a boat, saw a human head above the water. When they got nearer they found it was a mermaid floundering about in the mud. The woman-fish made some resistance, but they speedily conquered that; and by kindly usage taught it to wear woman's clothing, to eat bread and milk, and *to spin*. She lived in the Town-house at Haarlem for sixteen years, with a woman attendant, but it was impossible to teach her to speak. "It made its reverences very devoutly when it passed a crucifix, and had some notion of a deity," Jean de Parival reports. The latter part of the statement does not necessarily account for the former; we should rather attribute it to the same faculties that horses and dogs and most of the lower animals possess—tractability, imitation, and habit. We infer from the fact of the animal, whatever it was, receiving Christian burial, that the magistrates of Haarlem who owned it had it baptised.

A singular story is told by Captain Richard Whitbourne, of Exmouth, in Devonshire, of the appearance of a mermaid in the harbor of St. John's, in the year 1610. From the description he gives of it, he must have been favored with a sight of a very near approach to the poet's ideal; around the head he thought he saw many blue streaks resembling hair; fear, however, prevented his examining it more minutely, for on seeing it approach him swiftly, he fled with precipitation. Subsequently, it "went to a boat wherein the captain's servant was with several others, and put its 'hands' upon the side of the boat, much to the terror of the men, one of whom struck it a blow on the head, which cause it to loose its hold; it afterwards swam to other boats, the men in which fled ashore and watched it from there."

The latest mermaid known was that exhibited by Barnum, a few years ago, and was a singularly ugly object. It proved, on examination, to be an ingenious combination of the head of a monkey with the tail of a fish.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

BY LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

CHAPTER I.

HOISTING THE FLAG.

A dreary, murky November day brooded over Southampton, and an impenetrable fog hung over sea and shore alike, penetrating the clothing, chilling the blood and depressing the spirits of every unlucky person who was so unfortunate as to come within the range of its influence. The passengers on the steamship America, from Bremen for New York via Southampton, found the brief period of their stay at the latter port almost unendurable; and whilst some paced the wet decks impatiently, others grumbled both loudly and deeply in the cabins, or shut themselves up in their state-rooms in sulky discomfort. Those who remained on deck had at least the amusement of watching for the steamboat which was to bring the Southampton passengers—a pastime which, however, being indefinitely prolonged, began to grow wearisome. It came at last—a wretched little vessel, rather smaller than the smallest of the noisy tugs that puff and paddle on our American rivers—and the wet, sick, unsheltered passengers were gradually transferred to the deck of the ship.

Among those who appeared to have suffered most severely from the rocking of the miserable little steamboat was a young, fair-haired girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, who seemed almost insensible. She would have fallen had not one of her fellow-travellers, a lady evidently not much her senior, thrown her arm around her: thus aided, she managed to reach the steamer's deck and to totter down the staircase leading to the ladies' cabin. The active, busy steward at once bustled up to the two young girls:

"Your names, ladies, if you please. I will point out your state-rooms in a moment. Miss Marion Nugent—Miss Rhoda Steele? Miss Nugent, berth No. 20, state-room G—"

"Cannot I occupy the same state-room with this young lady?" interrupted the taller girl, who was still lending the support of her arm to sustain her half-fainting companion.

"Do not leave me, please," murmured the sufferer.

The steward threw a compassionate glance upon the pair, went away, and after a short consultation with the unseen powers, returned and said that the arrangement had been effected, and that they could take possession at once of their state-room, into which he proceeded to usher them. It was more spacious than such apartments usually are, and abounded with all those little contrivances for comfort and convenience for which the steamers of the North German Lloyds are justly famed. The invalid sank down on the soft-cushioned little sofa and gasped painfully for breath.

"For heaven's sake, get me some wine or some brandy!" exclaimed her companion. "This poor thing seems very ill; and do tell the doctor to come here at once."

With a quick, energetic movement, as she spoke she unclasped the heavy waterproof cloak of the sufferer and threw it back, thus revealing a fair, pallid face, framed in loosened curls of silky golden hair. It was a face that must have looked singularly lovely when tinted with the rosy hues of health, so delicate were the features and so large and blue the half-closed eyes, but it was ghastly pale, and a livid, bluish tinge had settled around the small mouth, whose ruby hues had fled to give place to a sickly purple. The steward speedily returned with some brandy, the bull's-eye was thrown open, and the cold sea air and potent spirit soon asserted their restorative powers. She sat up, a more natural color overspreading her countenance, and she murmured inarticularly a few words of thanks, while the kind-hearted steward hastened away again in search of the doctor.

"I am subject to these attacks," she said, faintly, to her companion when they were again left alone. "Only feel how my heart is beating."

The ship's surgeon soon made his appearance. He was a young, light-haired, solemn-looking German, who shook his head and looked very grave as he listened to the labored breathing and felt the bounding, irregular pulse of the sufferer.

"It is a pity that the ship has started," he said in very good English, "for I hardly think you are fitted to bear the fatigues of a sea-voyage at this season of the year; and had we been still at anchor, I should have counselled you to return to shore. But it is too late now, and you must try to keep as quiet as possible. I would advise you to retire to your berth at once: it will probably be a stormy night, and you had better settle yourself comfortably before the motion begins to be unpleasant. I will see you again in the morning, and if you feel worse meanwhile, let me know at once."

The doctor and the steward then quitted the state-room, and its two occupants, being left alone, surveyed each other curiously.

The active and energetic girl who had acted as spokeswoman and directress throughout the brief scene we have just described, had let fall her waterproof cloak and stood arrayed in a black velvet jacket and dark silk skirt, both much the worse for wear, and contrasting sadly with the neat but simple travelling costume of her companion. But about her slender, finely-proportioned figure there was an air of style and grace which lent an elegance even to her shabby and faded finery, and which was wanting in the owner of the fresher and more appropriate attire. Her face was beautiful, with a singular and weird beauty which owed nothing of its fascinations to the ordinary charms of delicate outlines and dainty coloring. Her features were small and attenuated, and her complexion was of a sallow paleness, whose lack of freshness seemed caused by dissipation and late hours, or by the ravages of illness. Heavy masses of soft silken hair, black as midnight, with bluish reflections on its lustrous waves (*bleu à force d'être noir*, as Alexandre Dumas describes such tresses), untortured by crimping-pins or curling-tongs, were rolled back in plain folds above her low, broad brow. Her eyes would have lent beauty to a plainer face. Large almost to a fault, of that dark, clear blue which is too perfect and too transparent ever to look black even under the shadow of such long, thick eyelashes as shaded them in the present instance, they were perfectly magnificent; and their lustrous azure and ever-varying expression lent to the mobile countenance of their possessor its most potent and peculiar charm.

She was the first to speak. Do you not think you had better retire to your berth?" she asked. "The rocking of the ship is increasing, and we had better, early as it is, settle ourselves for the night, before it becomes so violent as to prevent us from moving."

At this moment two porters made their appearance laden with packages. Two small new trunks—one marked R. S., the other M. N.—were deposited on the floor and identified by their possessors. The sick girl then attempted, with trembling hands, to disembarrass herself of her apparel, but it was not without much assistance from her companion that she was enabled to remove her travelling costume and make her preparations for retiring. At last, however, she was ready, and was about to make an attempt to reach the upper berth, which was the one allotted to her by number, when a quick, imperative gesture from her companion stopped her.

"No, no," she said: "you must take the lower berth. I can reach the upper one without any trouble, and you are not strong enough for so much exertion."

"You are very, very kind," said the invalid gratefully. She sank back on the pillow and watched the other for some minutes in silence, as she quietly and quickly gathered up and put in order the scattered articles with which the state-room was strewn.

"Will you not give me that little black bag?" she said at last. "Thanks! that is it. I wished to be certain that I had put my letter of introduction in it. Ah! here it is, quite safe. It would never do for me to loose that letter, for the lady with whom I am going to live as governess has never seen me, and she might take me for an impostor were I to come without it. An English lady, who was her most intimate friend, engaged me for her. I wonder what New York is like?—very rough and wild, no doubt, and I am afraid I shall be much annoyed by the rattlesnakes. You are going to New York too, are you not?"

"I am."

"Have you friends there?"

"None."

"I wish I had some acquaintances among our fellow-passengers, but I do not know a single one. Do you?"

"No."

"You have not told me your name yet. Mine is Marion Nugent; and yours—"

"Is not so pretty a one—Rhoda Steele."

There was something in the tone of these replies that quelled the invalid's disposition to talk, and she remained silent while her companion finished her arrangements and prepared to take possession of her berth. It was time that she did so. The threatened gale was by this time blowing in earnest, and the ship was commencing to roll fearfully; so, after securing all the boxes and bags as well as possible, and hanging up all the scattered garments, she made a hasty retreat to her couch, and lay there only half undressed, but utterly prostrate, and as unable to touch the tea and biscuits brought by the attentive stewardess as was her more delicate and suffering room-mate.

Time passed on: the daylight faded from the sky, a feeble, glimmering lamp shed its faint rays into the state-room, and the great steamship went steadily on, though rocked and tossed like a plaything by the whistling winds and angry sea. Then midnight came: the lights in the state-rooms were extinguished, and a profound silence reigned throughout the cabins, broken only by the ceaseless throb of the mighty engines and and the noisy clanking of the screw.

The state-room was wrapped in profound darkness when Rhoda Steele awoke with a start as from some troubled dream. Was she still dreaming, or did she indeed hear a strange choking sound proceeding from the lower berth? She sprang to the floor at once, heeding neither the darkness nor the violent motion, and clinging to the side of the berth she called aloud. There was no answer: even the gurgling, choking sound she had at first heard had ceased. She put out her hand, and it encountered her companion's face. It was deathly cold, and the features quivered as if convulsed under her touch. Again she called aloud—still no answer; and then, thoroughly frightened, she caught up a cloak from the sofa, threw it around her, and opening the state-room door, she rushed into the cabin. It was almost deserted. The lamps swung heavily overhead, swayed by the unceasing rolling of the ship; a drowsy waiter slumbered at one of the tables, his head resting on his folded arms; and one or two sleepy passengers tried to maintain a recumbent posture on the broad sofas that lined the sides. The cries of the terrified girl soon brought several of the waiters to her assistance, and Captain Wessels himself, who had not retired to rest, owing to the stormy weather, came to ascertain the cause of the unusual disturbance. Her story was quickly told: lights were brought, and the captain accompanied her back to the state-room.

It was a pitiful sight that met their eyes. The young girl lay motionless in her berth, her face tinged with a livid bluish hue, her eyes closed, and her small hands clenched as if in agony.

"The doctor!—run for the doctor!" was the instant and universal exclamation. The doctor came. One look at the pallid face, one touch on the slender wrist, and he turned with a grave face to the bystanders.

"There is nothing to be done," he said. "She is dead. I feared some such catastrophe when I saw her last evening. She was in the last stages of heart disease."

"And who was she?—what was her name?" asked kind-hearted Captain Wessels, looking down with pitying eyes at the fair, pale face.

The steward brought his lists.

"Berth No. 22," he read—"Miss Rhoda Steele."

"And this young lady?" continued the captain, turning to the other occupant of the state-room, who had sunk back as if exhausted on the sofa, still enveloped in the shrouding folds of her large waterproof cloak.

She raised her head. The answer came after a moment's hesitation—came with a strange, defiant ring in its tone:

"My name is Marion Nugent."

CHAPTER II.

UNDER FULL SAIL.

More than a year has passed away since the events narrated in our first chapter took place, and the curtain now rises on a far different scene—a dinner-party in one of the most splendid of the gorgeous mansions on Madison avenue, New York.

Mrs. Walton Rutherford, the giver of the entertainment in question, was a member of a class unhappily now fast dying out of New York society—one of those ladies of high social position and ancient lineage who adorn the station which they occupy as much by their virtues as by their social talents. A high-minded, pure-souled matron, a devoted wife and mother, as well as a queen of society, inheriting the noble qualities of her Revolutionary forefathers as well as their great estates—such was the lady who presided over the brilliant festivity we are about to describe. She had been left for many years a widow, and her surviving children—two sons, Clement and Horace—were both of mature age! Horace, the younger, being just thirty years old, and Clement, the elder, some seven years his senior. Mrs. Rutherford herself was a few years over sixty. A year or two before the period at which our story opens, a terrible misfortune had befallen her. Amaurosis—that most insidious and unmanageable of diseases of the eye—had attacked her vision, and in a few months after it declared itself she was totally, hopelessly blind. But, although debarred by her infirmity from going into society, she still received her friends in her own home; and her evening receptions and elegant dinners were always cited as being among the most agreeable and successful entertainments of the season.

Another sorrow had recently come to trouble the calm of her honored and tranquil existence—the marriage of her eldest son. Clement Rutherford, unlike any other member of the family, was a cold, reserved man, unpleasant in temper and disagreeable in manner. When he was still quite a boy, his mother's only sister, Miss Myra Van Vleyden, had died, and had bequeathed to him the large fortune which she had inherited conjointly with Mrs. Rutherford from her father, the two sisters being the only children of Schuyler Van Vleyden. She was a soured, morose old maid, and probably saw some congeniality of disposition in her eldest nephew which caused her to single him out as her heir. After he attained to years of manhood, he always manifested a decided antipathy to ladies' society, and was generally looked upon as a confirmed old bachelor; so that when he announced to his mother the fact of his engagement to Mrs. Archer's pretty governess, Miss Nugent, her distress of mind was fully equalled by her astonishment. The match met with her strongest disapproval, as was to have been expected; for it was hardly probable that she, the oldest surviving representative of the old Knickerbocker family the Van Vleydens, an acknowledged leader of society by the triple right of wealth, birth and intellect, should be inclined to welcome very warmly as a daughter-in-law the penniless beauty who had been occupied for some months past in teaching Mrs. Archer's little daughters the rudiments of French and music. Moreover, the investigations and inquiries respecting the young lady's origin which she had at once caused to be instituted on hearing of her son's engagement, had revealed a state of affairs which had placed Miss Nugent in a very unenviable light. Her parents were well born, though poor. She was the daughter of a curate in the North of England, who had lost his young wife by heart disease when Marion was but a few months old, and two years later Mr. Nugent died of consumption, leaving his little daughter to the care of his unmarried and elderly brother, the Reverend Walter Nugent, who, though the living he held was but a small one, contrived to rear and educate his niece as his own child. He had only allowed her to leave him and become a governess on the assurance of the village physician that her health was seriously impaired, and that a sea voyage and complete change of scene would prove the best and surest of restoratives. But the pained though manly tone of the letter in which he replied to Mrs. Rutherford's inquiries had prepossessed that warm-hearted, high-minded lady most strongly against her future daughter-in-law.

"I loved Marion always as though she were my own child," wrote Mr. Nugent, "and I cannot but look upon her total neglect of me since her arrival in America as being wholly inexcusable. She has never even written me one line since her departure—and I learned of her safe arrival only by the newspapers. I can but infer from her obstinate and persistent silence that she wishes to sever all ties between herself and me, and I have resigned myself to the prospect of a lonely and cheerless old age. I trust that she may be happy in the brilliant marriage which, you say, she is about to make, and I can assure her that her old uncle will never disturb her in her new prosperity."

Mrs. Rutherford had one long, stormy interview with her eldest son, and learning therein that his determination to marry Miss Nugent was fixed and unalterable, she had with commendable wisdom accepted the situation, and resolved to so order the conduct of herself and her relatives as to give the scandalous world no room for that contemptuous pity and abundant gossip which an open rupture between herself and her son would doubtless have occasioned.

The manner of the wooing had been in this wise:—John Archer, a sober, staid gentleman of great wealth, was Clement Rutherford's most intimate friend, and naturally, when the Archers moved into their new and splendid villa at Newport, Clement was invited to spend a few weeks with them—an invitation which he readily accepted. A few days after his arrival, Mrs. Archer, who was a pretty, lively little coquette, not in the least sobered by some thirteen years of married life, offered to drive him out in her little phaeton. "John has just given me a new pair of ponies," she said—"such perfect beauties and so gentle that I long to drive them." So the pretty, stylish equipage, with its fair driver and faultless appointments, made its first appearance on the avenue that afternoon, and also, I am sorry to say, its last; for the "gentle beauties" aforesaid, excited to emulation by the number of spirited steeds around them, became ambitious of distinction, and sought for and decidedly obtained it by running away, thereby overturning the phaeton, breaking the harness, bruising Mrs. Archer severely, and dislocating Mr. Rutherford's ankle.

Mrs. Archer was as well as ever in a few days, but the injuries received by her guest proved sufficiently serious to compel him to maintain a recumbent position for a long time, and prevented him from walking for several weeks. She made every arrangement possible for his comfort, and she had a charming little reception-room on the ground floor, adjoining the library, fitted up as a bed-chamber, and installed him there; so that as soon as he was able to quit his bed for a sofa, he could be wheeled into the latter apartment, and there enjoy the distractions of literature and society. For a few days after he made his first appearance there his lovely hostess was all attention and devotion; but, finding that he was anything but an agreeable or impressionable companion, she soon wearied of his society. Mr. Archer, shortly after the accident had taken place, had been summoned from home by important business connected with some mining property which he possessed, and which necessitated his presence in the interior of Pennsylvania; so Mrs. Archer, thus left with the entertainment of her most uncongenial guest exclusively confided to her care, came speedily to the conclusion that he was a nuisance, and began to look about for a substitute to relieve her from her unwelcome duties. She decided that her pretty governess, who spoke French so well, and sang little French *chansonettes* so sweetly, and got herself up in such a charming manner, giving so much "chic" and style even to the simplest of toilettes, was just the person to take upon herself the task of amusing the uninteresting invalid.

"*Do* look after Mr. Rutherford a little, there's a dear, good creature," whispered Mrs. Archer confidentially to Miss Nugent. "He is dreadfully tiresome, to be sure, but John thinks the world of him, you know, and it would not exactly do to leave him alone all the time. I wish him to receive every attention while he is in the house, of course; but as for sitting for hours at a time with him in that stuffy little library—just in the height of the season, too—why, I cannot think of doing it. If you will just go and sit with him sometimes, and read to him a little, it will be an absolute charity to me. I'll see that Alice and Emily do not get into any mischief."

Which, considering that the young ladies in question were, one twelve, the other ten years of age, and both much addicted to flirtation and dancing the "German," was rather a rash promise and inconsiderately made.

So Miss Nugent was definitely installed as reader and *garde malade* in general, and Clement Rutherford soon learned to await her coming with impatience and to welcome her with delight. All his life long will he remember those summer days, when her voice and the low plash of the far-off ocean waves wove themselves together into music as she read, and when the blue splendors of her lustrous eyes lent a new meaning to the poet's story as it flowed in melodious verses from her lips. Then came a day when the book was laid aside, and the impassioned utterances of poetry gave place to the more prosaic but not less fervent accents of a newly-awakened passion. Cold, silent, and morose as Clement Rutherford had always been, it had so happened that but few women had ever attempted to attract him, notwithstanding his wealth and social position; and the interested motives of those few had been so apparent that he had been repelled and disgusted, instead of being fascinated,

by their wives; so that Miss Nugent's grace and beauty and syren charms proved all too potent for his unoccupied though icy heart to resist; and thus it chanced that the day before Mr. Rutherford left Newport he astonished his hostess by requesting a private interview with her, and therein announcing his engagement to her governess.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," Mrs. Archer said afterward to an intimate friend. "I never should have suspected that such a quiet, stupid man as he was would fall in love in that ridiculous kind of a way. Good gracious! how indignant old Mrs. Rutherford will be! and I shall be blamed for the whole affair, no doubt. I wish John had never brought the man here—I never *did* like him; and then, too, it is so provoking to lose Miss Nugent just now, while we are at Newport. Of course I can find no one to replace her till we return to New York. Well, I always was an unlucky little woman."

The marriage took place in the latter part of September, only a few weeks after the engagement had been first announced. Mrs. Rutherford, true to her resolution of making the best of the affair, was careful that none of the usual courtesies and observances should be neglected. The bridal gifts from the Rutherford family, if less splendid, were as numerous as they would have been had Mr. Rutherford married a member of his mother's decorous, high-bred "set," and all his immediate relatives called most punctiliously on the bride when the newly-wedded pair arrived in New York after their six weeks' trip to Philadelphia and Washington.

Mr. Rutherford decided to take rooms at the Brevoort House till he could purchase a suitable residence. His mother's splendid home was not thrown open to receive him and his unwelcome bride, as it would have been had he made a choice more consonant with her wishes.

But we have wandered far from the dinner given by Mrs. Rutherford in honor of her new daughter-in-law, and with which our chapter commences.

It was a superb entertainment, as the Rutherford dinners usually were. The service of gold plate purchased by Schuyler Van Vleyden when he was minister to Austria adorned the table, which was also decorated with three splendid pyramids of choicest flowers. An exquisite bouquet bloomed in front of each lady's plate, and the painted blossoms on the peerless dinner-service of rare old Sevres vied in every respect save fragrance with their living counterparts. An unseen orchestra, stationed in the conservatory, sent forth strains of music, now grave, now gay, as Gounod or Offenbach ruled the tuneful spirit of the hour. Twelve guests only were present, including Mrs. John Archer, to whom Mrs. Rutherford had in this fashion testified her forgiveness, and who had accepted the proffered olive-branch with delight, wearing, in order to do honor to the occasion, an exquisite dress, fresh from one of the most renowned *ateliers* of Parisian fashion. Mrs. Rutherford, as usual, notwithstanding her infirmity, presided with unfailing grace and dignity; and in her splendid dress of black satin, brocaded with bouquets of flowers in their natural hues, her cap and collar of priceless old point lace, and her antiquely set but magnificent ornaments of sapphires and diamonds, she still looked a queen of society. A well-trained servant was stationed behind her chair, who from time to time placed before her suitably-prepared portions of the various delicacies of the entertainment, of which she slightly partook, in order to obviate the restraint which her presence at the festivity without participating in it would have occasioned. On her left hand sat her younger son, Horace, whose watchful eyes followed her every movement, and whose loving care anticipated her every wish. He was a tall, stalwart-looking young man, fair-haired and blue-eyed, like his elder brother, but his frank, joyous expression and winning manners bore no resemblance to the sullen countenance and surly demeanor of Clement.

The bride was, of course, the cynosure of all eyes. Attired in rich, creamy-white satin, the corsage shaded with folds of delicate lace, with coral ornaments on her neck and arms, and with the heavy masses of her dark hair interwoven with coral beads, she looked extremely beautiful, and was pronounced by the ladies present to be "handsome and stylish-looking, but decidedly dull." This latter accusation was more truthful than such charges usually are. Mrs. Clement Rutherford did feel unusually stupid. She was *ennuyé* by the long, formal, stately dinner; she knew but few of the persons present; and her point-lace fan was frequently called into requisition to conceal her yawns. The game had been served before her next neighbor, a sprightly young New Yorker, who had been rather fascinated by her beauty, contrived to arouse her into something like animation. He succeeded at last, however, and it was not long before an unusually brilliant sally drew a merry laugh from her lips. Her laugh was peculiar—a low, musical, trilling sound, mirthful and melodious as the chime of a silver bell.

As its joyous music rang on the air, Mrs. Rutherford turned ghastly pale. She gasped convulsively, half rose from her seat and fell back in a deathlike swoon.

Of course all was instantly confusion and dismay. The guests sprang up, the waiters hurried forward—Horace was instantly at his mother's side.

"She has only fainted," he said in his clear, decided tones. "She will be better in a few moments. Let me beg of you, my friends, to resume your seats. Clement, will you oblige me by taking our mother's post?"

With the help of Mrs. Rutherford's special attendant, Horace supported the already reviving sufferer from the room. They conveyed her to her sleeping apartment, where restoratives and cold water were freely used, and she soon regained perfect consciousness. But returning animation seemed to bring with it a strange and overwhelming sorrow. When the servant had retired, leaving her alone with her son, she refused to answer any of his queries, and burying her face in her pillow, she wept with convulsive and irrepressible violence. At length the very vehemence of her grief seemed, by exhausting itself, to restore her to comparative calm: her tears ceased to flow, her heavy sobs no longer shook her frame, and she remained for some time perfectly quiet and silent. At length she spoke:

"Horace!"

"What is it, mother?"

"Describe to me the personal appearance of your brother's wife—minutely, as though a picture were to be painted from your words."

It was no unusual request. Horace was in the habit of thus minutely describing persons and places for his mother's benefit.

"She is rather below the middle height, and her form, though slender, is finely moulded and of perfect proportions. Her hands and feet are faultless, and her walk is extremely graceful, resembling more the gait of a French woman than that of an English girl. Her complexion is pale and rather sallow, and her countenance is full of expression, which varies constantly when she talks. The lower part of her face is somewhat too thin for perfect beauty, and the chin is inclined to be pointed, and the cheeks are rather hollow, but the upper part is superb. Her brow is low and broad, and she folds back from it the heavy waves of her black hair in the plainest possible style. Her eyes are her chief beauty, and would transfigure any face into loveliness. They are very large, and of a dark, transparent blue, of so lustrous and so perfect an azure that not even in shadow do they look black. Stay—I can give you a better idea of her appearance than by multiplying words. Did you, when you were in Munich, visit the Gallery of Beauties in the Royal Palace?"

"I did."

"Do you remember the portrait of Lola Montez?"

"Certainly—as though I had seen it yesterday."

"Marion resembles that portrait very strikingly, particularly in the shape and carriage of her head."

"I am not mistaken—it is she. Would that I had never lived to see this day!" And Mrs. Rutherford wrung her hands in an agony of helpless, hopeless distress.

"It is she!" repeated Horace, in perplexity. "Whom do you mean, mother? Who was Marion Nugent?"

"She is not Marion Nugent—this impostor who has thrust herself into our midst, bringing scandal and dishonor as her dower."

"And who, then, is she?"

Mrs. Rutherford turned toward him and fixed on his face her tear-bathed eyes, as though sight were restored to her, and she were trying to read his thoughts in his countenance.

"Why should I tell you?" she said, after a pause: "why reveal to you the shameful secret, and tell of a misfortune which is without a remedy? Clement is married; what words of mine can divorce him? And who will believe the evidence of a blind woman? If I were not blind, I might openly denounce her, but now—" And again she wrung her hands in unspeakable anguish.

Horace knelt beside his mother's couch and folded her hands in his own.

"*I* will believe you, mother," he said, earnestly. "Trust me—tell me all. If this woman whom my brother has married be an impostor, he may yet be freed from the matrimonial chain."

"Could that be possible?"

"It may be. Let me try, at least. I will devote myself to your service if you will but confide in me."

"Close the door, and then come near me, Horace—nearer still. I *will* tell you all."

Two days later the steamship Pereire sailed from New York for Brest, numbering among her passengers Horace Rutherford.

CHAPTER III.

STRIKING THE FLAG.

The events narrated in our last chapter took place early in November, and it was not till the following March that the astonished friends of Horace Rutherford saw him reappear amongst them as suddenly and as unexpectedly as he had departed. "Business of importance" was the sole explanation he vouchsafed to those who questioned him respecting the motive of his brief European tour; and with that answer public curiosity was perforce obliged to content itself. Society had, in fact, grown weary of discussing the affairs of the Rutherford family. Clement Rutherford's *mesalliance*, his mother's sudden illness at that memorable dinner-party, her subsequent seclusion from the world, and Horace's inexplicable absence, had all afforded food for the insatiable appetite of the scandal-mongers. Then Gossip grew eloquent respecting the flirtations and "fast" manners of Clement Rutherford's wife, and whispered that the old lady's seizure had been either apoplexy or paralysis, brought on by her distress of mind at her son's marriage, and that she had never been herself since. Next, the elegant establishment of the newly-wedded pair on Twenty-sixth street, with its gorgeous furniture and costly appointments, furnished a theme for much conversation, and doubts were expressed as to whether the "Upper Ten" would honor with its august presence the ball which Mrs. Clement Rutherford proposed giving on Shrove Tuesday, which in that year came about the middle of March. But as to that, it was generally conceded that they would. Youth, beauty, wealth and the shadow of an old family name could cover a multitude of such sins as rapid manners, desperate flirtations and a questionable origin; and notwithstanding her fastness, and worse still, her *ci-devant* governess-ship, Mrs. Clement Rutherford was a decided social success.

On the day succeeding that on which he had arrived, Horace made his appearance at his brother's house. Clement had not heard of his return, and received him with a cordiality strikingly at variance with his usual manner.

"Come into the library," he said, after the first greetings had been exchanged. "I have some fine cigars for you to try, and you can tell me something about your travels."

"Thank you, Clement: I believe I must decline your offer. I have a message for your wife: can I see her."

A cloud swept over the brow of the elder brother.

"I suppose you can," he said, coldly, looking at his watch as he spoke. "Two o'clock. She took breakfast about half an hour ago, so she is probably at home. You had better go up stairs to her *boudoir*, as she calls it, and Christine, her maid, will tell her that you wish to see her."

He turned away, and was about to leave the room when Horace caught his hand.

"Clement! brother! Answer me one question: Are you happy in your married life?"

"Go ask the scandal-mongers of New York," was the bitter reply; "*they* are eloquent respecting the perfection of my connubial bliss."

"If she had been a kind and affectionate wife, if she had made him happy," muttered Horace as he ascended the stairs, "my task would have been a harder one. Now my duty is clear, and my course lies smooth and straight before me."

The room into which he was ushered by Christine, the pretty French maid, was a perfect marvel of elegance and extravagance. It was very small, and on every part of it had been lavished all that the combined efforts of taste and expenditure could achieve. The walls had been painted in fresco by an eminent Italian artist, and bevies of rosy Cupids, trailing after them garlands of many-hued flowers, disported on a background of a delicate green tint. The same tints and design were repeated in the Aubusson carpet, and on the fine Gobelin tapestry which covered the few chairs and the one luxurious couch that formed the useful furniture of the tiny apartment. Etageres of carved and gilded wood occupied each corner, and, together with the low mantel-shelf (which was upheld by two dancing nymphs in Carrara marble), were crowded with costly trifles in Bohemian glass, Dresden and Sevres porcelain, gilded bronze, carved ivory and Parian ware. An easel, drawn toward the centre of the room, supported the one painting that it contained, the designs on the walls being unsuited for the proper display of pictures. This one picture had evidently been selected on account of the contrast which it afforded to the gay coloring and *rococo* style of the decorations. It was a superb marine view by Hamilton—a cloudy sunset above a stormy sea, the lurid sinking sun flinging streaks of blood-red light upon the leaden waters that, in the foreground, foamed and dashed themselves wildly against the rocks of a barren and precipitous shore.

Horace stood lost in contemplation before the easel, when the door opened and his sister-in-law entered. He turned to greet her, and her beauty, enhanced as it was by the elegance of her attire, drew from him an involuntary glance of admiration. Her dress was an exemplification of how much splendor may be lavished on a morning-costume without rendering it absolutely and ridiculously inappropriate. She wore a robe of turquoise-blue Indian cashmere, edged around the long train and flowing sleeves with a broad border of that marvellous gold embroidery which only Eastern fingers can execute or Eastern imaginations devise. A band of the same embroidery confined the robe around her slender, supple waist, and showed to advantage the perfection of her figure. A brooch and long ear-pendants of lustreless yellow gold, and a fan of azure silk with gilded sticks, were the adjuncts to this costume, whose rich hues and gorgeous effects would have crushed a less brilliant and stylish-looking woman, but which were wonderfully becoming to its graceful wearer.

"Welcome home, Horace!" she said, in that low, sweet voice which was one of her most potent charms. "How kind it is of you to pay me a visit so soon after your return!"

She placed herself on the couch and motioned to him to take a seat near her. He drew up his chair, and a short, embarrassed pause succeeded.

Mrs. Rutherford toyed with her fan and stole glances from under her long, black lashes at her visitor, who sat twisting one of his gloves and wishing most ardently that Providence had entrusted the painful task before him to some one of a more obdurate and less chivalrous nature.

Wearied of silence, the lady spoke at last.

"Have you nothing of interest respecting your travels to tell me?" she asked.

Her voice seemed to break the spell which paralyzed him. He turned toward her with the look of one who nerves himself up to take a desperate resolution:

"Yes: I have a story to relate to you, and one of more than common interest."

"Really!" She yawned behind her fan. "Excuse me, but I was at Mrs. Houdon's ball last evening, and the 'German' was kept up till five o'clock this morning. I am wretchedly tired. Now do go on with your story: I have no doubt but that I shall find it amusing, but do not be much surprised if I fall asleep."

"I think you will find it interesting, and I have no fear of its putting you to sleep. But you must make me one promise. I am but a poor narrator, and you must engage not to interrupt me."

"I have no hesitation in promising to remain perfectly quiet, no matter how startling your incidents or how vivid your descriptions may be."

She leaned back among the cushions with another stifled yawn and shaded her eyes with her fan. Without heeding the veiled impertinence of her manner, Horace commenced his narrative:—

"Some twenty-five years ago a friendless, penniless Englishwoman died at one of the cheap boarding-schools in Dieppe, where she had officiated for some time as English teacher and general drudge. She left behind her a little girl of about five years of age—a pretty, engaging child, whose beauty and infantile fascinations so won the heart of Madame Tellier, the proprietress of the establishment, that she decided to take charge of the little creature and educate her, her project being to fit her for the post of English teacher in her school. But the pretty child grew up to be a beautiful but unprincipled girl, with an inborn passion for indolence and luxury. At the age of seventeen she eloped from the school with a young Parisian gentleman, who had been spending the summer months at one of the seaside hotels in Dieppe, and her benefactress saw her and heard of her no more.

"We will pass over the events of the next few years. It would hardly interest you to follow, as I did, each step by which the heroine of my history progressed ever downward on the path of vice. We find her at last travelling in Italy under the protection of the Count von Erlenstein, an Austrian noble of great wealth and dissolute character. She has cast aside the name she once bore, and, anticipating the jewel-borrowed cognomens of Cora Pearl and La Reine Topaze, she adopts a title from the profusion of pink coral jewelry which she habitually wears, and Rose Sherbrooke is known as Rose Coral."

Horace paused. A short, sharp sound broke the momentary silence; it was caused by the snapping of one of the gilded fan-sticks under the pressure of the white, rigid fingers that clasped it. But the listener kept her face hidden, and but for that convulsive motion the speaker might have fancied that she slept, so silent and motionless did she remain. After a short pause Horace continued:

"The attachment of Count von Erlenstein proved to be a lasting one, and we find Rose Coral at a later period installed in a luxurious establishment in Vienna, and one of the reigning queens of that realm of many sovereigns, the *demi-monde* of the gay capital of Austria. But the count falls ill; his sickness speedily assumes a dangerous form; his death deprives Rose Coral of her splendor; and the sunny streets of Vienna know her fair face no more. I will not retrace for you, as I could do, each step in her rapid descent from luxury to poverty, from splendor to vice, from celebrity to ruin. But one day she makes her appearance, under the name of Rhoda Steele, on board the steamship America, bound for New York. The state-room which she occupies is shared by a young girl named Marion Nugent, whose future career is to be that of a governess in the United States. On the first night out, one of the occupants of the state-room is taken suddenly ill and dies; the corpse is committed to the deep, and it is reported throughout the ship that the name of the deceased is Rhoda Steele. The tale was false: it was Marion Nugent who died—it was Rose Sherbrooke, *alias* Rose Coral, *alias* Rhoda Steele, who lived to rob the dead girl of her effects and to assume her name!"

The broken fan was flung violently to the floor, and Mrs. Rutherford sprang to her feet, her face livid with passion and her blue eyes blazing with a steel-like light.

"How dare you come here to assert such falsehoods?" she cried. "You have always hated me—you and all the rest of your haughty family—because it pleased Clement Rutherford to marry me—me, a penniless governess. But I am your sister-in-law, and I *demand* that you treat me with proper respect. You came here to-day simply to insult me. Well, sir, I will summon my husband, and he shall protect me from your insolence."

She turned toward the door as she spoke, but he motioned her back with an imperative and scornful gesture.

"Softly, Rose Coral," he said with a sneer: "the manners of the Quartier Breda are not much to my taste, nor do they suit the character you have been pleased to assume. Do you think me so void of common sense as to return home without full proof of your identity? I have in my possession a large colored photograph of you, taken some years ago by Hildebrandt, of Vienna, and endorsed by him on the back with a certificate stating that it is an accurate likeness of the celebrated Rose Coral. Secondly, I have brought home with me two witnesses—one is Jane Sheldon, late housekeeper for the Rev. Walter Nugent, and formerly nurse to the deceased Marion Nugent; and the other is a French hairdresser who lived many years in Vienna, and who, for several months, daily arranged the profuse tresses of Rose Coral. One will prove who you are *not*, and the other will as certainly prove who you *are*."

"Who I *was*," she said, defiantly. "I will deny it no longer: I am Rose Sherbrooke, once known as Rose Coral, and, what is more to the purpose, I am the wife of Clement Rutherford. Have a care, my brother Horace, lest you reveal to the world that your immaculate relatives have been touching pitch of the blackest hue and greatest tenacity. Prove me to be the vilest of my sex, I remain none the less a wedded wife—your brother's wife—and I defy you. The game is played out, and I have won it."

She threw herself back in her chair and cast on him a glance of insolent disdain. Horace Rutherford looked at her with a scornful smile.

"The game is *not* played out," he said calmly. "One card remains in my hand, and I produce it. It is the Ace of Diamonds, and its title is The Rose of the Morning."

A livid paleness overspread Mrs. Rutherford's features, and a stifled cry escaped from her lips. She half rose from her seat, but, seeming to recollect herself, she sank back and covered her face with her hands. Horace continued, after a momentary pause:

"My investigations into the history of the Count Wilhelm von Erlenstein during the last years of his life revealed the fact that he had lost the most valuable of the jewels of his family. It had been stolen. It was a pink diamond of great size and beauty, known to gem-connoisseurs by the name of The Rose of the Morning—one of those remarkable stones which have a history and a pedigree, and which are as well known by reputation to diamond-fanciers as are Raphael's Transfiguration and the Apollo Belvidere to the lovers of art. This gem was worn by Count Wilhelm as a clasp to the plume in his toque at a fancy ball given by one of the Metternich family, at which he appeared in the costume of Henri III of France. He afterward, with culpable carelessness, placed it, amongst his studs, pins, watch-chains, and other similar bijouterie, in a small steel cabinet which stood in his bed-chamber. His illness and the dismissal of Rose Coral occurred soon after the fancy ball in question, and it was not till his heir, the present count, had been for some time in possession of the estates that it was discovered that the great diamond was missing. It was not to be found, and suspicion immediately fell upon the late count's valet, a Frenchman named Antoine Lasalle, who was found to have been mysteriously possessed of a large sum of money after the count's death. He was arrested, and it was conclusively proved that he had stolen a number of valuable trinkets from his dying master, but still no trace of The Rose of the Morning could be discovered, and Lasalle strenuously denied all knowledge respecting it. The family offered large rewards for its recovery, and the detectives of all the large cities of Europe have been for some time on the alert to discover it, but in vain. As soon as I heard this story, I thought that I could make a tolerably shrewd guess as to the whereabouts of the missing jewel; and I caused investigations to be set on foot in New York by a trusty agent, which resulted in the discovery that The Rose of the Morning had been sold some six months before to a jeweler in Maiden lane for about one-twenty-fifth of its value, the peculiar tint of the stone, and the purchaser's ignorance of the estimation in which it is held by the gem-fanciers of Europe, having militated against the magnitude of the valuation set upon it. It was secured for me at a comparatively trifling price. The person who sold it to the jeweler some six months ago, in spite of a partial disguise and an assumed name, was easy to recognize, from the description given, as that lady of many names, Mrs. John Archer's governess. Now, Rose Coral, what say you? You may be Mrs. Clement Rutherford, my brother's lawful wife, but you are not the less a thief and a criminal, for whom the laws have terrible punishment and bitter degradation."

"This is but a poor invention: where are your proofs?" she cried, looking up as she spoke, but her faltering voice and quivering lips contradicted her words.

"Here is my chief witness." He drew off his left-hand glove as he spoke, and extended his hand as he spoke toward her. On the third finger blazed the beautiful gem of which he had spoken, its great size and purity fully displayed in the pale afternoon sunlight that flashed back in rosy radiance from its bright-tinted depths.

"It is almost too large to wear as a ring," he said with great coolness, looking at the jewel, "but I wish it to run no further risks till I can transfer it to its lawful owner, which will be as soon as it has played its talismanic part by freeing my brother from his impostor-wife."

The lady rose from her seat, pale, calm, and resolved.

"Further insults are useless, sir," she said. "The game is ended now, and you have won it. What is it that you wish me to do?"

"You must sail for Europe in one of next week's steamers, leaving behind you such a confession of guilt as will enable my brother to procure a divorce without revealing the shameful fact that he was the innocent means of introducing an impostor—a *ci-devant* lorette to his family and friends as his wife. Better this scandal of an elopement than the horror of having such a story made public. An income amply sufficient for your wants will be settled upon you, on condition that you never return to the United States, and never, in any way, proclaim the fact that Mrs. Clement Rutherford and Rose Coral were one and the same person."

"I accept your conditions," she said wearily. "I will go, never to return. Now leave me. But stay: will you not answer me one question?"

"I will, certainly."

"Who was it that discovered my secret?"

"My mother—my blind mother. Some years ago, before she lost her sight, I accompanied her on a short European tour, in which we visited England, France, Switzerland, and finally Italy. While we were at Rome I fell ill with the fever of the country, and my physicians gave orders that as soon as I was well enough to travel I should leave Italy for a more bracing climate. We had not visited Naples, and I was anxious that my mother should not return home without seeing the wonders of that city; so as soon as I became convalescent I prevailed upon her to leave me in the care of some friends and to join a party who were going thither. During her stay she went frequently to the opera. One evening she was greatly disturbed by the loud talking and laughing of some persons in the box next to the one she occupied, and she was much struck with the beauty, the brilliant toilette and the boisterous conduct of one of the female members of the party. She inquired the name of the person she had thus remarked. It was yourself, and she learned not only your name, but your whole history. When at her own dinner-table she heard the sweet and singular laugh that had so struck her on that occasion, the sensitiveness of hearing peculiar to the blind caused her to recognize the sound at once; and the description which I afterwards gave her of your personal appearance only changed torturing doubts into agonizing certainty."

"Thanks for your courtesy: I will detain you no longer."

Horace bowed and approached the door. Suddenly, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he turned back.

"Believe me, this task has been a hard one," he said, earnestly. "And remember, if hereafter you may need pecuniary aid, do not hesitate to apply to me. For heaven's sake, do not return to the life you once led. There was one redeeming feature in the imposture which you practiced: it showed that some yearning for a pure name and an innocent life was yet possible to you."

"I want no sermons," she answered, abruptly. "Only leave me at peace. Go: I am sick of the sight of you."

As he closed the door he cast one parting glance on the room and its occupant. She stood leaning against the back of a large arm-chair, her clasped hands resting on the top, and her white, rigid face set in the fixed calmness of total despair.

Thus left alone, she remained standing for some time as motionless as though she were a marble statue and not a living woman. Suddenly she seemed to take some desperate resolve: she threw back her head with a bitter, mirthless laugh, and going to the bell she rang it. Her maid quickly appeared.

"I have a wretched headache, Christine," she said. "I shall not come down to dinner, and do not disturb me till nine o'clock: that will give me time enough to dress for Mrs. Winchester's ball. I will wear the pale-blue satin and my point-lace tunic. Be sure you change the white roses that loop it for pink ones, and lay out my parure of pearls and diamonds, and my point-lace fan and handkerchief. Now bring me the two phials that stand on the third shelf of the closet in my bed-chamber."

Christine departed on her errand and soon returned, bringing with her two bottles, the smallest of which was labeled "Solution of Morphia—POISON. Dose for an adult, ten drops;" while the largest was simply inscribed "Sulphuric Ether." These she placed on the chimney-piece, and then proceeded to arrange the cushions of the lounge and to draw the curtains. "I will now leave madame to her repose," she said. "Does madame need anything more?"

"No, I shall want nothing more," was the reply. The door closed upon the maid's retreating form, and Mrs. Rutherford instantly shot the bolt.

She cast a sad and wistful glance around the dainty room and on its glittering contents. "*C'est fini si bien fini*," she said, regretfully. "I had found here the existence which suited me, and now the end has come. It is not in my nature to remain satisfied with a life of poverty and respectability, and I will not return to one of degradation and vice. But, after all, what does it matter? My fate would have found me sooner or later, and this soft couch is better than a hospital bed or the slabs of La Morgue: this draught is more soothing than the cold waters of the Thames or the Seine. Life is no longer a game that is worth the candle: let us extinguish the lights and put the cards away."

She took up the phial of morphia, drew the little sofa nearer to the fireplace and extended herself upon it. The daylight faded from the sky and night came, and with the night came sleep—a sleep whose dream was of Eternity, and whose wakening light would be the dawn of the resurrection morning.

"Accidental death" was the verdict of the coroner and the newspapers, and, in fact of the world in general—a conclusion much assisted by the evidence of Christine, who testified that her mistress was in the habit of using narcotics and anæsthetics in large quantities to relieve the pain of the neuralgic headaches from which she was a constant sufferer. Society said, "How sad! Dreadful, is it not?" and went on its way—not exactly rejoicing, for the death of Mrs. Rutherford deprived its members of her

long-promised, long-talked-of Shrove-Tuesday ball, and consequently the gay world mourned her loss very sincerely for a short time; in fact, till a well-known leader of fashion announced her intention of giving a fancy-dress party on the night thus left vacant, whereupon Society was consoled, and Mrs. Rutherford's sad fate was forgotten.

Only two persons—Horace Rutherford and his mother—suspected that her death was not an accidental one; but they guarded their secret carefully, and Clement Rutherford will never learn that his dead wife was other than the innocent English girl she represented herself to be. Walter Nugent wrote a pathetic letter to Mrs. Rutherford, begging that a lock of his lost and now forgiven darling's hair might be sent to him; and it cost Horace a sharp pang of regret when he substituted for the black, wavy tress furnished by Clement a golden ringlet purchased from one of the leading hairdressers of New York.

"Heaven forgive me!" he said to himself, remorsefully, as he sealed the little packet; "but I really think that this is one of the cases wherein one cannot be blamed for not revealing the truth."

A few months later, Horace Rutherford stood in Greenwood Cemetery contemplating with curiosity and interest the inscription on a recently-erected monument of pure white marble.

"Sacred to the memory of Marion Nugent, beloved wife of Clement Rutherford," he read. "Well, this is consistent at least. She wears the disguise of a virtuous woman in her very tomb. Marion Nugent rests beneath the waves of the Atlantic ocean, and here Rose Sherbrooke sleeps in an honored grave beneath the shelter of the dead girl's stainless name. But the deception has power to harm no longer, so let us leave her in peace. It is well for our family, that, even as a sunken wreck, we still find this pirate bark Under False Colors.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ When you see the word "bosh" printed, do not call it slang. It is a pure Turkish word. "Bosh der," say the Turks, which translated into English is, "It is nothing."

☞ Punch reports this conversation:—First Collier—"My gal weighs fifteen stun and a 'arf." Second Collier (superlatively exultant)—"Lor' bless you, you ought to hear my gal swear!"

☞ An advertisement of "a small sewing-machine" for one dollar, was answered by a young man in the rural districts, who received in return for his dollar a shoemaker's awl, worth about fifteen cents.

ESTB. 1858. **ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS.** 211 Washington St., N. Y.

SAPOLIO

THE BEST THING OUT

FOR CLEANING

Windows, (without Water), Paint, Oil Cloths, Floors, Tables, and all Woodwork, China, Earthen and Glassware, and for General House Cleaning Purposes.

FOR POLISHING

Knives, Tinware, Brass, Steel, Iron, and all Metallic Ware. REMOVES, as by Magic, Stains and Rust, leaving a brilliant surface, equal to New.

REMOVES STAINS FROM MARBLE, PAINT AND WOOD.

Is not injurious, and *QUICKER, BETTER AND CHEAPER* than Bath Brick, Rotten Stone, Acid or Lye; it will be found, on trial, the most perfect, reliable and indispensable article ever offered to the public of this or any other country; in fact, a **preparation no individual or class can afford to do without.**

We refer to the many testimonials in our possession, from families, hotels and manufacturers; also to more than

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND

persons who have it in daily use in house and shop. It will cost you little to test our claims—do it.

For Sale—Wholesale and Retail—by Grocery, Drug and Notion Houses throughout the United States.

feb19 cowtf

CANVASSING-BOOKS SENT FREE FOR

Paris by Sunlight and Gaslight

A WORK DESCRIPTIVE OF THE MYSTERIES, VIRTUES, VICES, SPLENDORS, AND CRIMES OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

It tells how Paris has become the Gayest and most Beautiful City in the world; how its Society and Splendor are purchased at a fearful cost of Misery and Suffering; how visitors are Swindled by Professional Adventurers; how Virtue and Vice go arm in-arm in the Beautiful City; how the most Fearful Crimes are committed and concealed; how money is Squandered in useless luxury; and contains over 150 fine engravings of noted Places, Life and Scenes in Paris. Agents wanted. Canvassing books sent free. Address

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa., Chicago, Ills., or St. Louis, Mo.

feb19-4t

THE BEST WEEKLY IN AMERICA (according to the testimony of both press and people) is MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, the Largest, Best and Cheapest Illustrated Newspaper published. Treats ably of all Rural Affairs, Science, Arts, Domestic Economy, &c., and is also an entertaining literary and family paper, with ardent admirers in every State, Canada, &c. Only $3 a year. Back numbers from Jan. 1 still supplied, or you can begin now. The five Jan. numbers sent, as specimens, for 25 cts., or a single one free. Address

D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, New York.

WANTED.—*TO AGENTS* and *POULTRY RAISERS.*—We want men to act as our agents in every county. Good salary or commission paid. A practical knowledge of the habits and care of fowls a necessary qualification. Address, with stamp, H. FITMAN & CO., Lynn, Mass., sole proprietors of "The American Egg Producer." feb19-4t

NEW LIGHTNING METHOD of Short Hand Writing, simple and efficient. Proficiency gained in one month. Address, with stamp, for circular, Prof. GRAY, 16 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WONDER! WONDER!!—My Magic Compound will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, thick and heavy in every case, in 21 days, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Box 2743, St. Louis, Mo.

LOOK! LOOK!—My French Compound will [illegible] over the eyes. If it did not reach the highest point of delicacy and refinement, she was hardly able to perceive this. She had not attained any of the loftier summits of womanhood where she could look down with clear eyes upon her own soul and its needs. The love

A canvasser, male or female, [illegible] goods paying $15 to $20 per day, free. Address I. B. LININGTON, 68 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

feb12-4t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

SECRETS OF INTERNAL REVENUE:

EXPOSING

The Whiskey Ring, Gold Ring, and Drawback Frauds, divulging systematic *Robbery of the Public Treasury*, Organized Depredations, Conspiracies and Raids on the Government—Official Turpitude, Malfeasance, Tyranny and Corruption—The most *Startling, Fascinating, Instructive and Important Book* yet published. Containing authentic facts, indisputable evidence, sworn testimony, complete and accurate details.

Legislators, Farmers, Merchants, Mechanics, every Citizen and Taxpayer, are directly interested in the Stratagems, Artifices, Machinations, and *Crimes of Corrupt Politicians, Illicit Distillers, Gold Gamblers, Drawback Forgers, and crafty Malefactors.*—Published in one attractive volume, about 500 well-filled pages, with spirited illustrations. Price low to suit the times, $3. Sold by subscription only. Send for circular and special terms. WM. FLINT, Publisher, feb19-3m Philadelphia, Pa.

"I CAUGHT a splendid mess, the rest caught none." He used the celebrated "Fish Bait" which is only one of many secrets on hunting and fishing contained in the "Hunter's Guide and Trapper's Companion." It tells all about hunting, trapping, fishing, how to make canoes, traps, &c., &c. How to tan furs many ways, fishing secrets, &c., &c. 20,000 sold already. Sells 100 every day. You can get it for 25 cents and it is worth $10 to any man or boy. Send on your "quarter" to the sole publishers, HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

SPRING IS COMING, AND NOW IS the time to subscribe for MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, the *Largest, Best and Cheapest* Illustrated Rural and Family Weekly in the World. Every farmer, horticulturist or owner of a garden, will find it a profitable investment. As an illustrated Literary and Family Paper it is superior, and adapted to both town and country. Only $3 a year. The five January numbers sent, as specimens, for 25 cts., or a single specimen free. Address D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, New York.

THE MAGIC EGG.—Agents wanted. Sample and terms mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Address W. EARL, 28 Laight St., New York. feb12-3m

OPIUM EATERS—If you wish to be cured of the habit, address T. S. CLARKE, M. D., Mt. Vernon, Ohio. feb19-4t

BEAUTY.—Heavy massive curls, or beautiful flowing ringlets produced by the use of the Magnetic Comb. 50,000 sold in 8 months. Price by mail 50 cents; 3 for $1.00. Address J. W. BANKAS, Appleton, Ohio. dec25-4m

OPALINE for the Teeth, Gums and Breath.

OPALINE is reliable, efficient and convenient.

OPALINE is sold by Druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Europe.

OPALINE is recommended by physicians and dentists. Use no other dentrifice.

Inventor and proprietor, CHARLES K. PEVEY, Dentist, *Worcester, Mass.* jan15-3m

LOVE! LOVE!—Full instructions. Any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism, and win the undying love of the fair sex, in one hour. Sent by mail for 10 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS & CO., Box 2743, St. Louis, Mo.

HOVEY & CO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Vegetable, Flower and Agricultural Seeds, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants, &c.

53 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED GUIDE

To the Flower and Vegetable Garden, and Catalogue of Seeds for 1870.

The 37th Edition, revised, enlarged and improved containing 148 pages, illustrated with more than 100 fine engravings.

A BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATE,

and a descriptive list of more than 2500 varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, embracing every novelty introduced in 1869, with full and plain practical directions for the culture of flowers and plants, the arrangement of the garden, &c. Also a descriptive list of 150 varieties of the best French Gladiolus, including the superb new varieties of 1869, now first offered; all the summer-flowering bulbs, such as Lilies, Tuberoses, Tigridias, &c., together with every requisite for the garden. A copy mailed to every applicant on the receipt of 25 cents. Our customers supplied free of charge. Address HOVEY & CO., 53 North Market St., Boston. jan29-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS. The largest, best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. Send for circulars, with terms, at once. Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York, 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ills., and 177 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio. jan1-4m

$5.00. PET SEWING MACHINE, price $5. Will do the worst of ten pair of hands, and as well as any $20 machine; is warranted; is simple; easily understood, and always in order. Send $5 for one. Send two stamps for samples of work and circulars. Agents wanted. Terms liberal. Address PET SEWING MACHINE CO., 7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. feb5-4t

Free to Book Agents.

We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible* to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. nov20-3m

40,000 sold. The Wonder of the World. The Magnetic Time Indicator or "Dollar Watch." A PERFECT GEM. Elegantly cased in Oriode of Gold, Superior Compass attachment, Enameled Dial, Silver and Brass works, glass crystal, size of ladies watch. Will denote correct time, warranted FIVE years, superb and showy case, entirely of metal. This is no WOOD Compass. Is entirely new, patented. 6500 sold in three weeks. Only $1 each, three for $2, in neat case, mailed free. Trade supplied. Address the sole manufacturers MAGNETIC WATCH CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

THE WIDE WORLD Best Paper! Best Story & Family Paper in United States. Agents Wanted. WIDE WORLD, Boston.

[illegible]

Mr. Garth gasped in anguish. This handsome fortune placed in the hands of a vain, ignorant child like Lucy! This man's comfort dependent upon an indolent and wayward girl, who, if left to herself, would fill her house with servants! He thought of

$10 SAVED. "I had it all in a letter sealed, and as I put it in the P. O. our P. M. showed me the "Star Spangled Banner." I read its exposures. That $10 didn't go. I subscribed for the "Banner" and have $9.25 left." so writes a new subscriber. Now, reader, did you never get bit? Has no bogus jewelry, sewing machine, watch, or some other swindler caught you? Then you are lucky indeed. Do you care to keep posted on all the tricks and traps of swindledom? Read the "Banner." Every attempt at swindling is "shown up" in its columns. It employs a special detective in N. Y. city to unearth rascality. See the January number, see the February number, see the March number, just out. It is a large, 40 column, 8 page, Ledger size, illustrated paper, crammed full of real genuine wit, humor, fun and money saving exposures of rascality. Thousand after thousand of the superb steel plate "Evangeline" have gone to thousands of gratified readers all over the Union. Do you not want Longfellow's beautiful heroine "Evangeline?" It is 13½ by 2 feet in size, on elegant plate paper. We will mount it carefully on a roller and send it to you, prepaid. Will give you the "Banner" for a whole year for only 75 cents (not one-half the price of the plate alone.) Specimens 6 cents. Send your address and only 75 cts to "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, the Great National, Illustrated, Rural, Literary and Family Weekly, now in its XXIst year, is fast increasing in popularity all over the Continent. It is the *Largest, Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class* published—the most complete in contents, illustrations, &c. In its sphere is unequalled in ability, style and circulation. Now is the time to subscribe and form clubs. Great inducements. Only $3 a year; back numbers of this volume (from Jan. 1,) supplied, or you can begin at any time. The five Jan. numbers sent, as specimens, for 25 cts., or a single one free. Address D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, New York.

THE MUSIC BOOK for the young folks at home is *THE GOLDEN ROBIN*, by W. O. Perkins. Containing elementary instructions, attractive exercises and several hundred popular songs. This new book will be found superior to all similar works, in many points essential to a popular instruction book in vocal music and collection of melodies for the young. Several editions have already been ordered, and the demand increases. Many of the songs have been written expressly for the work, and none of the songs are old and time-worn, sung through a dozen books, but new and sparkling, adapted to all occasions, and alive with the spirit of the times. Price 50 cts. Sent, post-paid.

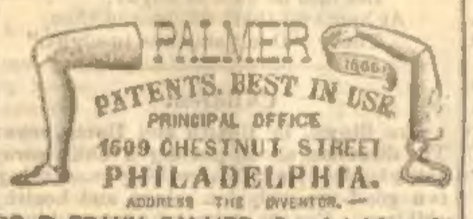
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Rev. Daniel March, D. D., author of "*Night Scenes in the Bible*," one of the most popular books in the language, has just completed a new book in his clear and sparkling style, to be issued on fine rose-tinted paper with beautiful steel engravings. 60,000 of the former work sold in a few months, and this promises to be even more popular. Clergymen, teachers, and energetic young men and ladies wanted in every township to act as agents, on very liberal terms. Send name and address for circular to ZEIGLER, McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., Cincinnati, Ohio, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., or Springfield, Mass. feb19-3m

AGENTS WANTED

To sell the only really good low-priced Sewing Machine. Sample complete to agents only $12. *From $75 to $200 per month and expenses paid to energetic agents, male or female.* Send for circulars or sample machine, and commence canvassing in your own neighborhood. Address *BAKER SEWING MACHINE CO.*, Cleveland, Ohio. feb19-4t



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A. A. Limb Co'y

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made solely by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed.

oct30-1y

CURL YOUR HAIR

THE RECEIPT, an entirely new Discovery, for making Straight Hair Curl, and remaining so, mailed for two stamps. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. sep15-6m

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

CAUTION.—Beware of all agents selling machines under the same name as ours, unless they can show a certificate of agency signed by us. We shall not hold ourselves responsible for worthless machines sold by other parties, and shall prosecute all parties either selling or using machines under this name to the full extent of the law, unless such machines were obtained from us or our agents. Do not be imposed upon by parties who copy our advertisement and circulars and offer worthless machines at a less price. feb12-4t

A GREAT CHANGE.—AGENTS WANTED. $1000 per year sure made by agents, male or female, selling our *world-renowned Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Cheapest and best clothes lines in the world; only 3 cents per foot, and will last a hundred years. Address the *Hudson River Wire Co.*, 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. jan20-4t

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. aug31-1y

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?

An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamp envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D., New York. dec11-6m

THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS

AT THE LEADING

FAIRS AND EXHIBITIONS

OF THE

UNITED STATES AND EUROPE,

INCLUDING THE GRAND PRIZE,

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR,

At the Exposition Universelle,

HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE

GROVER & BAKER MACHINES.

SALESROOMS:

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
730 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ An illustrated pamphlet, containing price lists, with samples of both the Grover & Baker Stitch and the Shuttle Stitch in various fabrics, will be furnished on request. jan1-3m

RUPTURE

RADICALLY CURED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, ARTISTIC SURGEON, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office, 697 BROADWAY, cor. 4th St., New York.

The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the treatment and cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S. as principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries, resulting from the use of other Trusses, are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or in the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after treatment and cure mailed on receipt of TEN cents. jc19-1y

AYER'S

HAIR VIGOR,

For Restoring Gray Hair to its Natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO.,

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,

LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE $1.00.

Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere. mar18-oamly

Have you seen it? If not, ☞ Send for Circular

SCIENCE of A NEW LIFE

BY JOHN COWAN, M. D.,

A new and intensely interesting physiological work. Every man and woman whose desires are for a true and pure life socially should procure a copy.

PERSONAL AND EDITORIAL NOTICES.

"During the last twenty years I have eagerly sought everything upon this most vital subject, but have found nothing which approaches in simplicity, delicacy, earnestness and power this work."—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

"I have read with care 'The Science of a New Life.' If a million of the married would do the same, they would learn many things of deepest import to their welfare."—*Rev. O. B. Frothingham.*

"It is the book that the age has been demanding for some time."—*Thos. W. Dearing, M. D.*

"It is devoted to topics concerning which no person arrived at years of thoughtfulness should be ignorant."—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

"It is a work which may safely be placed in the hands of all married persons, and all persons intending to marry."—*Scottish American.*

"This is the only book of this character we have ever seen which seems to be imbued with a conscientious spirit from beginning to end."—*Lowell Courier.*

☞ Agents Wanted everywhere. Splendid inducements offered. From $30 to $40 a week guaranteed. For circulars address (with stamp,) COWAN & CO., 746 Broadway, New York City. jan29 2m

SPARKLING BEAUTIES are ladies' and gents' "*Love Diamond Pins.*" Samples sent by mail for 50c. Address B. FOX & CO., Station A, New York. oct30-1y

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A PAPER FOR ALL CHILDREN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 50 Cts. A YEAR.

Sixteen three-column illustrated quarto pages. The very best writers. Large premiums for clubs. Specimen copies 5 cents; four months on trial, for 15 cts. Send for it. We would rather have you *see* our paper than read any amount of what might be said about it.

Address ALDEN & TRUE, Publishers, jan15-13t Chicago, Ill.

R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PREMIER ARTISTE IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov5-cowly

LADY AGENTS WANTED in every city and town in the United States and Canada to sell "The Empress, or Lady's Companion," an article required by every female. Agents can make from $5 to $10 a day. Send for circular. MADAME DE VAN, 746 Broadway, New York. oct30-cow10t

AGENTS.—OROIDE GOLD.—AGENTS. $20 a day made easy. Oroide Gold Pat. Fountain Pens. Is indestructible. Writes 4 pages with one dip. *Sells at sight*—looks like 16-karat gold. Sample box, 12 pens, for 25 cents, post-paid; also other novelties. CITY NOVELTY CO., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa. dec18-3m

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. jan15-3m

AGENTS wanted everywhere. Brown's Patent Double Cone Ventilating Damper gives the most heat with the least fuel. Send for circulars. O. B. BRIGGS & CO., 184 Washington St., New York. nov27-3m

HEALTH FOR CONSUMPTIVE.—I will send *free* to invalids full directions how to prepare from a common *plant* a certain cure for *Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh*, etc. Address DR. PALMER, Lock Box P, Brooklyn, New York. feb12-2m

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Unlucky Feast.

While Tomlinson, who lives in the Nineteenth Ward, was absent in New York his friends, by a grand rush, elected him to the Board of Aldermen. His constituency was composed numerously of the "adopted"—a tender name—and when they came round to Tomlinson's house on the evening of the election, they were disgusted to find the house darkened and no preparation made to receive them. They retired with the belief that he was a "mane" cuss, and not worthy of their votes. He arrived home on Friday morning, and it was given out among his constituents that the spread would take place that evening. It was important to him, who had large expectations, that they should be made happy, and as much of the elements of happiness as he could obtain he had prepared for the occasion. There were beef, and mutton, and tongue, and ham, and sausages, and rolls—but as Tomlinson was a strict temperance man—he provided none of the patriotic and moral inspiration, so potent on such occasions, known as whiskey, supplying instead lemonade and coffee. Up came the multitude, with a banner, headed by a drum and fife, and filed into Tomlinson's dining-room.

"Gentlemen," said Tomlinson, "I was sorry that I could not have been here to take part with you in the work of the election, but you did the work well; and, with simply thanking you for the honor you have conferred upon me, I invite you cordially to fall to."

There was a faint cheer, and the drum in the corner gave a spasmodic roll, but to Tomlinson's surprise, not a hand was extended to touch his viands, while a blank look settled over the faces of his constituents. He could not interpret it.

"What's the matter, gentlemen?—doesn't the entertainment suit you?"

There was no reply for an instant, when a voice in the background said:

"Who, by the holy St. Patrick, ever heerd trating Christian voters on mate o' Friday, and not a bit o' whiskey!"

Tomlinson saw his mistake, and attempted an apology, but it was doubtingly received, and the party marched away with the impression that they had been sold. He despairs of his election another year.—*American Union.*

A Good Story of Lewis Cass.

Captain A——, of Missouri, is known all the way on the Mississippi river from New Orleans to Dubuque, as a big-hearted, jovial fellow, who does not stand on the ceremony of an introduction before commencing an acquaintance. The captain is fond of a drink, and moreover does not like to drink alone. It so happened that business called him to Washington, and he had as a *compagnon de voyage* a stout, thick-set man, well up in years, who wore a wig, and who represented a striking resemblance to the late Lewis Cass. To beguile the tedium of the voyage, they drank together and chatted together.

Captain A——, one evening after his arrival, thought he espied his companion in the densely crowded office of Brown's Hotel, and stepping up to him, he briskly slapped him on the back, and remarked, "Come, old fellow, let's take a drink."

"You mistake your man," replied the other, with great gravity. "My name is Cass, Senator Cass, from Michigan."

The Captain, it is hardly necessary to say, was greatly disconcerted, and slunk away.

In the course of the evening, however, he was certain that he spied his man, and rushing up to him, he broke out with great glee, "Well, I've found you at last. He! he! he! Capital joke to tell you. Don't you think, met old Cass, and took him for you. He! he! he! Clapped the old fellow on the back, he! he! he! and says I come let's take a drink, he! he! he! and when he told me I mistook my man, thunder and lightning! didn't I slope, he! he! he!" The Captain observed, however, that his companion did not appear to appreciate the joke, but for a time preserved a rigid countenance, and then broke in upon him, "I, sir, am Lewis Cass, as I told you before, and I cannot allow you to indulge further in these familiarities."

The Captain made no further attempts to hunt up his former companion. He is yet hale and jovial, but he is *not* fond of boasting how he made the acquaintance of the late distinguished Senator from Michigan.

How to Spell "Tunkin."

A little girl in one of our primary schools having shown her teacher her slate with her spelling lesson printed upon it, asked the teacher how she should spell "tunkin."

"Pumpkin, you mean—do you not?" said the teacher.

"No; tunkin," said the little one.

"But there is no such word as that," said the teacher; "you must have misunderstood."

"I am sure I have heard it," said the child, and she sat down, looking rather perplexed. Then she began to print briskly for a moment or two, and presently the slate was raised again. The teacher looked at it and read—"I love Miss W——— more than ———."

"Now," said little Nellie, "I want to write 'tunkin tell.'" (tongue can tell.)—*Boston Transcript.*

A Life Insurance Examination.—A life insurance agent in Toledo had occasion to insure a man residing in Cleveland. The printed directions to be answered by the examining physician were duly forwarded, and Mr. A———, who was desiring to have his life insured for the benefit of his wife, called upon a German physician to make the customary examination. Every thing went well until it came to "temperament," and here the doctor stuck. He said nothing, however, but in filling up the blank, instead of giving the temperament of the man, he wrote at the bottom of the sheet as follows:—"Mrs. A——— very bad temper, Mr. A——— much worse."

French: "Madame, you charge ver mooch too big price for sat room."

Landlady: "Oh, you know we at the watering places must make hay while the sun shines."

Frenchman, (indignant): "Madame, you shall nevare make ze hay of me. You must not sink because all flesh is grass, sat you can make hay of me."

☞ Letters—like fashionable young ladies—must have the stamps before the mails (males) will take them.

A SERIOUS MATTER.

Fond mother (finishing up a little bit of advice).—"And be sure, Edwin, whatever you do, never allow yourself to trifle with any young lady's affections."

One Cent's Worth of Ink.

A clerk in the Interior has done and said one good thing. Contractors who bid for stationery in the departments have a trick of bidding very low upon all articles which do not come into general use, and very high upon the staples. This has the effect of making the average of the bills low, and at the same time affording a large profit. One of these contractors had marked blue ink, quarts, down on his schedule at one-eighth of a cent. per dozen. A day or two since he was surprised at receiving an order for eight dozen. He hurried up to the department in person. The chief of division knew no great necessity for such a flood of blue ink, and the clerk ordering it was summoned to explain the sudden demand. He replied that nothing unusual had occurred to increase the call for blue ink, but that he had not thought it worth while to order less *than a cent's worth.*

A Bluebeard.—Everything has its ludicrous point of view, and funny incidents occur even on such *grave* occasions as funerals. A certain Bluebeard of this latitude, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse.

"What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his.

"Let him alone," cried a waggish bystander; "he'll soon re-*wive!*"

The Green Spot.

The late Noah Winslow was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life, and he never closed the narration but with swimming eyes:—

During the financial crisis and crash of '57, when heavy men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed in view of the condition of its own affairs.

The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything—of his bills receivable and bills payable, and his report was, that twenty thousand dollars of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that we must go by the board—the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street, and among my friends, but in vain.

Two whole days I strove, and begged, and then returned to the counting-house in despair. I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear our junior sounding the terrible words, "our paper is protested!"—when a gentleman entered my department unannounced. I could not locate him, nor call him to mind any way.

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear you are in need of money."

The very face of the man inspired me with confidence, and I told him how I was situated.

"Make your individual note, for one year, without interest, for twenty thousand dollars, and I will give you a check, payable in gold for that amount."

While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued,

"You don't remember me; but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the Superintending School Committee of Bradford. I was a boy in the village school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I was but a shabbily clad child, though clean. When our class came out on examination day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by.

"But it was not as I thought. In the end you passed by all the others, and came to me. You laid your hand on my head, and told me I did very well; and then you told me I could do better still if I would try. You told me the way to honor and renown were open to all alike, no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved and push on. That, sir, was the turning point of my life. From that hour my soul has aspired, and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered and am wealthy; and now I offer you but a poor return for the soul wealth you gave me in that by-gone time.

"I took the check," said Winslow, "and drew the gold; and our house was saved. And where, at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my note?"

"In possession," he said, with streaming eyes, "of my little orphaned grand-daughter! Oh, hearts like that man's are what bring earth and Heaven nearer together!"

☞ Thomas Carlyle, having been asked by letter whether he had ever investigated the phenomena of modern spiritualism, replied as follows: "By volitn, or except passively, and by accidt., I never did: nor have the least intentn. of ever doing. T. C."

☞ If your sister fell into a well, why couldn't you release her? It's well-y likely you couldn't, because you can't be a brother and a sist-her too.

DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

The hearth of home is beaming
With rays of rosy light;
And lovely eyes are gleaming,
As fall the shades of night;
And while my steps are leaving
The circle pure and bright,
A tender voice, half grieving,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest
Is busy, brave, and wide:
The world of her thou lovest
Is by the ingle side.
She waits for thy warm greeting;
Thy smile is her delight;
Her gentle voice entreating,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world is cold, inhuman,
Will spurn thee in thy fall;
The love of one poor woman
Outlasts and shames them all.
Thy children will cling round thee
Let fate be dark or bright;
At home no shaft will wound thee,
Then, "Don't stay late to-night."

Children.

Mrs. Stowe, in Hearth and Home, says: The direction about putting a child away alone to sleep, without rocking or soothing, is a good one only for robust and healthy children. For the delicate, nervous kind I have spoken of, it is cruel, and it is dangerous. We know one authentic instance of a mother who was trained to believe it her duty to put her infant to bed in a lonely chamber and leave it. Not daring to trust herself in the ordeal, she put on her bonnet, and, positively forbidding the servants to go near the child, went out for a walk. When she returned the child was still, and had been so for some time. She went up to examine. The child had struggled violently, thrown itself over on its face, a pillow had fallen over it, and it was dead from suffocation.

Nervous children suffer untold agonies from fear when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonely room to such children. A little, delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone, used to cry violently every night, and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook the pertinacity for obstinacy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: "Why do you always scream so when you know you shall be punished?" "O, father, father!" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me, if you'll only stay with me." That father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal.

A German paper says that the simplest post-office in the world is to be found on the southern extremity of America. For some years past a small barrel has been fastened by an iron chain to the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Tierra del Fuego. It is opened by every ship which passes through the Straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. This post-office, therefore, takes care of itself, it is confided to the protection of seafarers, and there is no example of any breach of this trust having occurred. Each ship undertakes the voluntary transmission of the contents of the barrel if their destination is within the limits of its voyage.

AGRICULTURAL.

Milking.

Few people are aware of the great difference the mere process of milking makes in the yield of a dairy cow. Many imagine that they are good milkers when they are really very poor ones, so far as the ability to bring a cow to her largest possible yield. To understand how this difference can exist, it must be considered that a large proportion of what a cow gives at any particular milking, is actually secreted during the process of milking. The milk stored up in the milk reservoirs can be drawn by any tolerably skillful milker, but unless the cow and the milker are in sympathy, so to speak, unless the animal is content and satisfied with the milker and the circumstances, the secretion of new supplies during the process of milking will not take place. There is a close and intimate connection between the nervous and secretory systems, and this explains the fact that the cow will often "hold up her milk," as it is termed. It shows also that every milker should strive to be on good terms with the cow he is about to milk. If he is a perfect stranger to her, he should take time to gain her confidence and goodwill by handling her gently and petting her, or giving her something she is fond of to eat.

We know a milker who can increase the flow of milk more than a quart a week by the mere difference in the mode of milking, and without the slightest change in the food of the animal, and that too notwithstanding the fact that her regular milker is quite as good as the average, and no doubt thinks he knows how to milk as well as anybody.

It is not always fair to judge of the milking qualities of a cow without taking into consideration the question as to who milks her, and how this operation is performed. A poor milker will spoil the reputation of any cow.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Practical Suggestions.

—The rain that falls on the roof of a barn will water the cattle inside.

—A smart woman with dry wood and soft water close at hand has her work half done.

—Green wood cannot be burned. It is better to dry it by the heat of the summer sun, than in the stove.

—Neighborhoods should combine and buy together a good portable horse power, and then have their wood piles cut up with comfort and dispatch.

—Good house carpenters are very particular to have nice sharp tools. This is half the secret of their close work and popularity. Many farmers would accomplish more and easier by better tools.

—Farms soon run down that sell all their hay. Mr. Mechi, the great English farmer, prefers that the products of his farm should go to market on the foot.

—A hog weighing less than two hundred and fifty pounds may be more conveniently scalded in a forty gallon cask filled half full of water, than in a tub.

—Those who house their carts and wagons in Robin Hood's barn—all out of doors—are often seen travelling to the blacksmith and wheelwright shop for repairs. The hubs of wheels are made of elm, which is a poor timber to bear exposure.

—Every farmer who has paths to make about his premises, or to the schoolhouse and store, should own a good snow plough. It is but little work to make one that, with a good horse before it, will do the work of twenty men.

—Wooden shod sleds are no longer economical. It will cost less to keep one shod with iron or steel, in the long run. They start easier with a load on, and move with less friction. Old elliptic spring leaves are used for light sled shoes.

—A harness kept well oiled is easier for the animal, is stronger, and don't wear out half as fast as one allowed to go year in and year out without care. Clean the harness with a sponge and castile soap. Apply the oil with an old paint brush. A long tin pan saves the drip.

—Every farmer should own for convenient pig killing a set of pulleys, and three pieces of spruce or pine scantling, about two by five, sixteen feet long, for shears. The scantling should be connected at the top by a bolt, put through a hole bored slanting in the outside pieces, and straight through the central one.

—You had better not keep stock than allow their manure to be wasted. It must not burn up and fire-fang in great heaps, nor be washed away by water drenching it from the eaves. The liquid portions must be absorbed by something, and the solid kept from heating and exposure.—*New England Farmer.*

Greasing Wagons.

But few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well made wheel will endure common wear from ten to twenty years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but if this matter is not attended to, they will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes, and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wood axle-trees, and castor oil for iron.

Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for surplus will all work out at the ends, and be forced by the shoulder bands and nut washers into the hub around the outside of the boxes.

To oil an iron axletree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.—*Rural American.*

Blanketing Horses.

The Canada Farmer says:—The blanket should not be used upon a horse at all in winter, unless it is used faithfully. The trouble arises in this way: When a team has been driven a few miles to market, or the same distance for pleasure, blankets or robes are put on, but when drawing logs to the saw mill or doing other heavy work, they are made to haul large loads a mile or two and return at a brisk trot, and then stand uncovered till another load is put on." In this way the horses are suddenly cooled off, and the succeeding day finds them sick and unable to labor for some time, if not ruined entirely. Blanketing at one time and omitting it at another is worse than affording no protection at all.

Milking Cows.—It is common because convenient, in this country to milk cows but twice a day, morning and evening. But it is contended that more milk will be obtained by milking three times a day, as the French people do, or even more than that. It is said cows left to their own choice, will feed four times a day; and therefore it is argued that they should be milked an equal number of times. It may be true that frequent milking will induce a greater flow of milk, though the consequence would be need of greater feed or a permanent injury to the animal.

RECEIPTS.

Lemon Sauce.—Make some melted butter with water instead of milk; then put in two ounces of sugar, the juice and shred rind of half a lemon, and the other half freed from its skin, sliced thin, and each slice cut into quarters; give it a boil up, and serve.

[illegible] gave as he spoke, and extended his hand as he spoke toward her. On third finger blazed the beautiful gem of [illegible] he had spoken, its great size and [illegible] fully displayed in the pale afternoon light that flashed back in rosy radiance from its bright-tinted depths.

[illegible] of the world in general—a conclusion [illegible] assisted by the evidence of Christine, [illegible] testified that her mistress was in the habit of using narcotics and anæsthetics in large quantities to relieve the pain of the neuralgic headaches from which she was a constant suffe[illegible]

Dress Bandoline for the Hair.—Boil a tablespoonful of linseed in half a pint of water [illegible] for five minutes.

THE RIDDLER.

Grammatical Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 15, 2, 10, and 6, is a noun.
My 5, 6, 8, is a pronoun.
My 9, 7, 13, 8, is an adjective.
My 8, 5, 1, 15, is a verb.
My 3, 2, 4, 13, 6, is an adverb.
My 12, 2, 4, 14, is a preposition.
My 3, 7, 10, 11, is a conjunction.
My 2, and 7, is an interjection.
My whole is a proposition.

DORA SEYBERT.
Berwick, Pa.

Charade.

I am composed of three syllables.
My *first* is an auxiliary verb.
My *second* is a pronoun.
My *third* is an insect.
My whole is an extinct animal.

PHILIP.

Diophantine Problem.

Find four positive integral numbers, the sum of every two of which shall be a rational cube.

Send solution to

ARTEMAS MARTIN,
Box 70, McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Mr. Forester is the owner of a triangular tract of timber land, which contains in area 1,000 acres. The first side of which tract plus the one-third of the second and third sides thereof, is equal to the second side plus the one-fourth of the first and third sides; as also equal to the third side plus the one-fifth of the first and second sides. From which somewhat complicated relation of the sides to each other, it is presumed, the length of each side separate can be found. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a pill and a hill? Ans.—One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

☞ Why is the man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Ans.—Because he is seeking (sea king) what never existed.

☞ Con. von Bismarck.—Why is the North Sea like the Unity of the Fatherland? Ans.—Because it is the Great German-notion.

☞ When is iron the most ironical? Ans.—When it's a railing.

☞ Which letter in the alphabet is most useful to a deaf old lady? Ans.—A; it will make *her hear.*

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—"Happy is the king that has a magistrate endowed with courage to execute the laws upon such an offender; still more happy in having a son willing to submit to such a chastisement."

Soft Crullers.—Sift three-quarters of a pound of flour, and powder half a pound of loaf-sugar; heat a pint of water in a round-bottomed saucepan, and when quite warm, mix the flour with it gradually; set half a pound of fresh butter over the fire in a small vessel; and when it begins to melt, stir it gradually into the flour and water; then add by degrees the powdered sugar and half a grated nutmeg. Take the saucepan off the fire, and beat the contents with a wooden spaddle or spatula till they are thoroughly mixed; then beat six eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the mixture. Beat the whole very hard till it becomes a thick batter. Flour a pasteboard very well, and lay out the batter upon it in rings (the best way is to pass it through a screw funnel). Have ready, on the fire, a pot of boiling lard of the very best quality; put in the crullers, removing them from the board by carefully taking them up, one at a time, on a broad-bladed knife. Boil but few at a time. They must be of a fine brown. Lift them out on a perforated skimmer, draining the lard from them back into the pot; lay them on a large dish, and sift powdered white sugar over them.

Making Soap Without Grease.—One bar of common rosin soap, 1 pound sal soda, 1 ounce borax—dissolve the soda and borax in 8 pints of rain or soft water; then add the soap, and boil until dissolved, when you will have, upon cooling, 10 pounds of good soap, worth from 8 to 10 cents a pound, and costing only 1 cent a pound.

Cream Pie (fine).—Half pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonsful of arrowroot wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

Trimming Lamps.—Some always use a pair of shears to trim their lamp wicks. I never do. A better way, and one which I invariably practice, is to pinch or wipe off the black crust with a piece of paper; you may keep a cloth for the purpose, if you wish. You will find that the flame will be perfect in shape, and exactly in the centre of the lamp chimney, and also that the wick will last twice or three times as long—quite a desideratum in the country, where I have known it to be necessary to harness the horse and drive to town for lamp wicks.

Making Lard.—Cut the fat up into pieces about 2 inches square; fill a vessel holding about 3 gallons with the pieces; put in a pint of boiled lie, made from oak or hickory ashes, and strain before using; boil gently over a slow fire, until the cracklings have turned brown; strain and set aside to cool. By the above process you will get more lard, a better article, and whiter than by any other process.

To Prevent Iron from Rusting.—Warm your iron till you cannot bear your hand on it without burning yourself. Then rub it with new and clean white wax. Put it again to the fire till it has soaked in the wax. When done, rub it over with a piece of sergo. This prevents the iron from rusting afterwards.